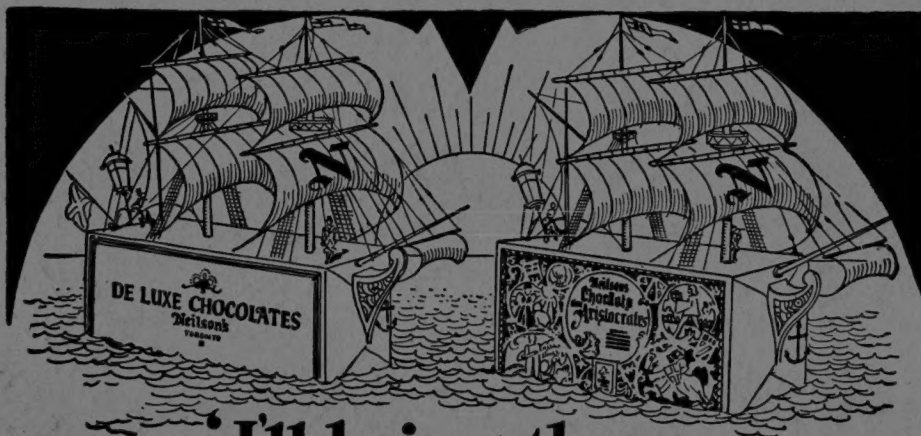


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1930



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Lambton's Largest School

And offers Best Wishes for Success
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Home and School are the Two Greatest
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Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Products
of all kinds for Home, School
and Factory Building.



We carry all kinds of Insulation Boards,
Plaster Boards, Roofings and
Interior Finish.

Phone us and we will have courteous and
well informed salesmen see you.

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Limited

Devine St.

SARNIA

Phone 900

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CHAPMAN'S

Science Note Books
Geography Note Books
Mathematical Note Books
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"For Better Work"

The Chas. Chapman Co.
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Opp. Colonial Hotel



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National Barber Shop

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SERVICE

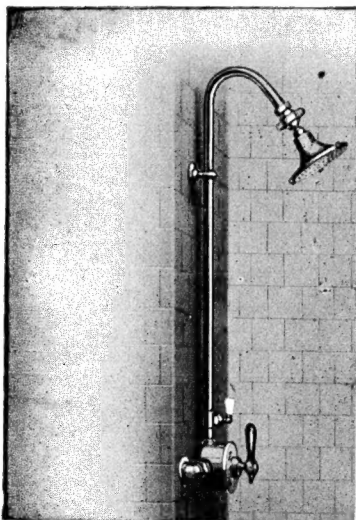
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hair is an art—Come to
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Res. 2286-J

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Everyone likes to shower—it's healthful and pleasant—it's the best and most enjoyable way to bathe.

It's sure fun to feel the tingling spray on your body. See that a Mueller Shower is installed in your home in the bathroom—or in that extra closet. There's a Mueller Shower built for every requirement.

They are made in Sarnia by Sarnia Citizens.

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Courses leading to the degrees of B.A., B.Sc (in nursing), M. A., M. Sc., LL.B., M.D., D.P.H., Dr P.H.

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*"Macklin's Flowers First because
Macklin's Flowers Last."*

Marian McKim—"I wonder if it's true that the moon affects the tide."
Harris—"No, it affects only the untied."

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THAT WE HAVE

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IN CHEVROLET HISTORY

Smoother—Faster—Better

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SEE AND TRY IT!

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BELCHAMBER BLDG.

H. B. SAVAGE

G. H. BARNES

Lawrence Thomas—"What do you call those big machines they used in the war to attack the enemy in?"

Kay Brown (after much thought)—"Tanks."

Lawrence—"You're welcome."

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A Savings Account gives incentive to thrift, and brings the future business man into touch with banks and banking methods.

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Total Assets in excess of \$870,000,000

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A few every day necessities for Collegiate pupils: **Wrist Watches, Fountain Pens, Ever-sharp Pencils, Fountain Pen Ink, etc.**

If your eyes are giving you any trouble, our optical department is in charge of a Doctor of Optics who devotes his whole time to eye work.

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Jeweller and Optometrist
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WHOLESALE and RETAIL

High-Class Toiletries

Hollys' & Neilson's Chocolates

Kodaks

Sheaffer Pens

156 Front St. Phone 145
Res. Phone 140

Mr. Payne (after using an ambiguous expression)—“That was rather Irish, wasn't it? Oh, well, it's not far from the 17th of March.”
Voice from the rear:—“Nor from April the First.”

**GUARANTEED COAL
IS GOOD COAL**



173 N. Front Street
Telephone 500

Marbrooke Clothes

Battersby Hats

Men's Fine Furnishings

Travel Luggage

**Featuring Two Trouser Suits
at \$25.00**

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“FASHIONS FOR MEN”

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Smart Styles — New Ideas — Attractive Prices

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New Straw Hats

In the newest spring styles and colors.

Attractively priced at \$2.98 to \$4.95.

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132 Front Street

Mr. Andrews was seen pushing a perambulator one bright Saturday morning.
Ferguson was passing.
Ferguson—"Out airing your son, Mr. Andrews?"
Mr. Andrews—"No, I am sunning my heir."



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We specialize in careful dispensing.

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We carry High-Grade Quality Chocolates

8-Hour Service for Developing and Printing.

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Incorporated 1832.

Save for the future by opening a Savings Account.

JAMES BRYDON, Manager.

Sarnia Branch

Abdo—"Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"
Turnbull—"Well, you see, they've got to have the ocean tide."

141 N. Front Street

Sarnia, Ontario

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BARBER SHOP

SHINING PARLOR

:: *The Collegiate Barber* ::

L. J. McRURY, Prop.

No Job Too Big.

No Job Too Small

Quality and Service—Our Motto

FLOORS SANDED AND POLISHED
WALLPAPER REMOVED BY STEAM**CARTER & CO.**

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177 Front Street

Sarnia, Ontario

YOU WILL BE SURE

WHEN YOU INSURE HERE

HOMER LOCKHART

215 N. Front St.

Phone No. 1

Blay—"So you were in the army, eh! Did you get a commission?"
 Lewis—"No, only my wages."

Clothes That Boys Like to Wear

With Wearing Qualities Mothers Like to Buy

Twenty-five years experience in the retailing of Boys' Clothes has taught us how to include that built-in wear without sacrificing the smart style boys demand. Five-store purchasing has achieved new value for 1930.

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Windsor

Walkerville

Sarnia

Kitchener

WALKER'S

RED STORE DISTRICT

Have your Spring Suit

Tailored to Measure

\$25.00 to \$45.00

500 samples to choose from

New Styles.

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STATIONERY

BOOKS

CHINA

NEWSPAPERS

MAGAZINES

GLASSWARE

*Subscriptions of all Magazines
and Newspapers*

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Miss Taylor (after translating most of the passage herself)—“Pat, have you prepared this?”

Pat—“Well—I looked it over.”

Miss Taylor—“Sit down. I’m afraid you over-looked it.”

STOP and SHOP**At****The Sarnia Hardware Co.**

182 N. Christina St.

Phone 110

SPRING TOPCOATS

In the Styles
Young Men Like

The new spring styles are ready for you to-day at Lyons. Cleverly fashioned Collegiate models that are the last word in good taste, good style and good value. Priced from

\$18.50 to \$35.00

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TAILORING CO., LIMITED
148½ North Front St.



THE PERSONAL UNDERWOOD

frees you forever from the tedium and drudgery of handwriting.

It's a wonderful convenience in the home, for every member of the family, goes anywhere to do your writing.

Cost is surprisingly small. Send the coupon.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd.

135 Victoria St., Toronto 2
Tell me about the Little Underwood, and how I can buy it for a few dollars monthly.

Name

Addresssci

Miss Taylor—"Smith, what is 'l'affiche'?"

Leroy (confused)—"Oh, —er—a fish, I guess."

McFee's Garage STORAGE

ACCESSORIES SERVICE STATION
WRECKING SERVICE

Cromwell St.

Sarnia, Ont.

Phone 29

Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School

DAY CLASSES

The School is under the management of the Board of Education and the Advisory-Vocational Committee.

Instruction is offered in Day and Evening Classes in academic and vocational courses of study. All day Courses provide a liberal education in English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools, the Universities, and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare boys and girls for commercial, business, industrial and home making pursuits. The program of the Commercial Course requires three years for its completion. Special Courses in commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of two or more years of work in other departments. Technical and Industrial Courses are offered in Drafting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. The Practical Arts Course for girls prepares for scientific home management and includes Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Cooking, and Applied Art. Three or more years attendance is recommended for all day pupils.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

The Entrance Certificate or its equivalent is required for all regular courses. Under special conditions pupils with Senior Fourth Book standing may be admitted to a preliminary course in the Technical Department if judged able to undertake the work.

EVENING CLASSES

Evening Classes will open in October and continue until the end of March. Instruction will likely be offered in the following courses:

Arts and Crafts, Auto Mechanics, Bookkeeping, Carpentry, Cooking, Dietetics, Drafting, Dressmaking, Electricity, Elementary English, Gymnasium and Swimming, Home Nursing, Machine Shop Practice, Mathematics, Millinery, Oxy-acetylene Welding, Plumbing, Sewing, Show Card Writing, Stenography, Telegraphy, Typewriting, Woodworking.

Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

All courses offered have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

J. B. WILLIAMS,
Chairman Board of Education.

F. C. ASBURY,
Principal.

S. A. COLE,
Chairman Vocational Committee.

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F. M. HAINES, Manager.

"Say It With Flowers"

BARRON'S

Member Florist Telegraph
Delivery Association.

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Miss Howden—"Now, I've written LXXX on the blackboard. Burden, do you know what it stands for?"

Keith—"It means love and kisses."

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160 N. Christina St.

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Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Sheet Iron Work, Eavetroughing**

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STATIONERY

CANDY

National Club Cigar Stand

SHOE SHINE and HATS CLEANED

TREFON PETRO, Prop.

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For a Moment's Recreation

Visit

THE NATIONAL CLUB BILLIARDS PARLOR

NEWS OF ALL THE SPORTS



1071

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CHRISTINA AND FRONT STREETS
GUS MERCURIO, Prop.

Mack's Restaurant

Cordially invites Collegiate Students

GOOD FOOD AT POPULAR PRICES

TOASTED SANDWICHES

MACK'S ORANGE DRINK

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1846 - 1930

IT'S GOOD

If it comes from Clark's

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DRY GOODS
CARPETS, RUGS,
HOUSE FURNISHINGS, Etc.

A dependable shopping place
 for three-quarters of a century.

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The W. B. Clark Co.

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*Iva Mae Beauty
 Shoppe*

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Patronizing Our Beauty Parlors
 means
 Being Well Groomed

Branch Shoppe:

*Rose Marie Beauty
 Parlor*

140 Cromwell St.

Phone 2270

Reid—"I heard your uncle died and left lots of money."

Doherty—"Yes, the policeman shot him as he was coming out of the bank window."

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A full line of
EASTMAN'S BROWNIES
 and **KODAKS**

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 Professional
DEVELOPING and PRINTING
 Quality Work

WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS
 AND **PENCILS**

—
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The Store of Exclusive
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All made on the premises

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Try our Delicious Coffee and
Toasted Sandwiches

133 FRONT STREET

Quality Fountain Service



Compliments of the
KIWANIS CLUB
of Sarnia

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— DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED —

That old saying is just as true to-day as a hundred years ago—and possibly more necessary. When you go to the dance—the theatre—any social event you “dress well”. It is just as important, even more so, when you “strike out in life”. Get the habit now—wear Watson’s Clothes—and use our Ten Pay Plan. It will teach you to save systematically, and save for a sensible purpose—to dress well and succeed.

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Mr. Dent—“What would you recommend for a person eating poisonous mushrooms?”

Patsy Collins—“A change of diet.”

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ALWAYS FRESH, ALWAYS THE BEST

Smoother Than Velvet Ice Cream, Imperial Butter, Safe Milk, Jersey Milk, Homogenized Milk, Buttermilk, Whipping Cream and Table Cream.

Students should drink plenty of good milk.

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Is the key note of Bank of
Toronto Service. If you
like our service, tell
your friends.

We welcome new customers.

This Bank is Here to Help You

The Bank of Toronto

J. W. SIMPSON, Manager.

Mr. Andrews—"Here we have a lamina. Does anyone here know what a lamina is?"

Mary Gordon—"A lamina is a kind of sheep that grows in South America."

BRYDON'S DRUG STORE

104 Christina St. S. Phone 620

SCHOOL BOOKS

FOUNTAIN PENS

CHOCOLATES

Try our Fountain Service

MANLEY'S LIMITED

Headquarters for
SCHOOL BOOKS

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COLLEGIATE SUPPLIES

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The Store That Gives Service

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The Collegian Shops Here

Because

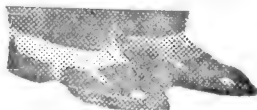
HE KNOWS

That the problem of clothing him is our first consideration.

We know what the "fellows" want and we get it — style, quality and tone of fabrics, workmanship and price are all considered from the collegian standards.

STEVENSON'S

LIMITED



LONDON

SARNIA

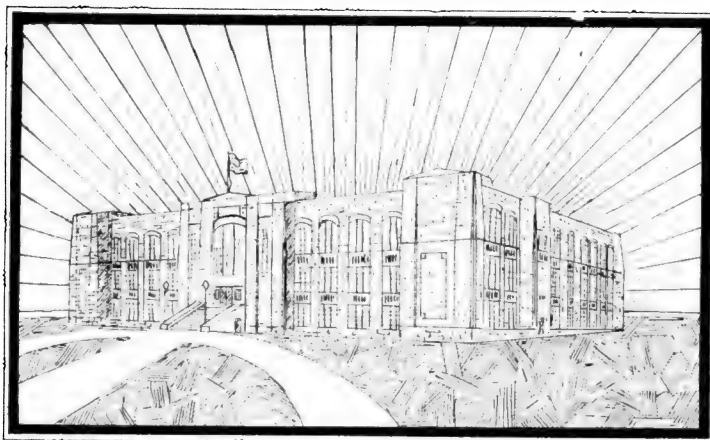
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THE COLLEGIATE

Published by the Students of the School.

17th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Cover by M. Johnston

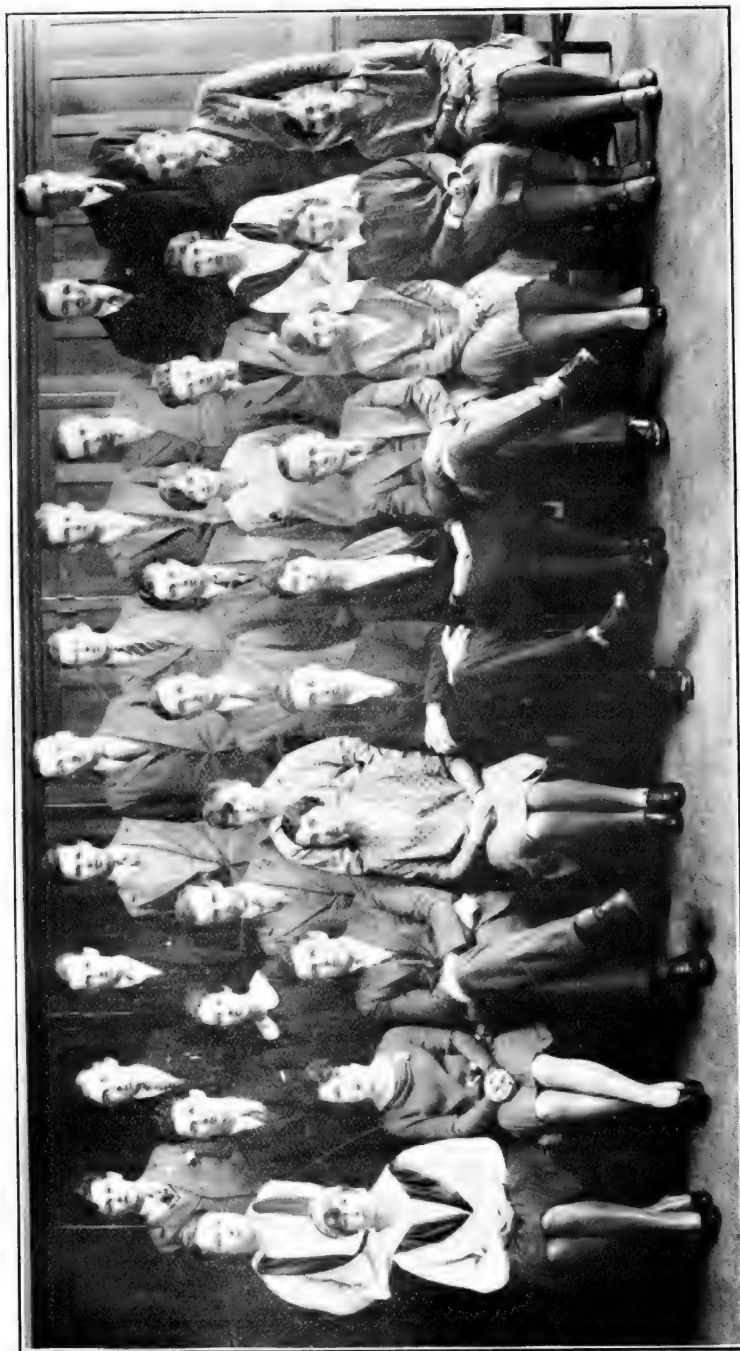


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This Issue Dedicated to
Mr. C. B. Leaver
Chairman of the Board of
Education for Sarnia
1929

Foreword

"Discovery and Development"



We think of Canada as a youthful land rich with opportunity and promise of greatness. So indeed she is. Even yet, throughout vast stretches of our Dominion, the engineer and the capitalist wait upon the prospector and the pioneer.

Yet is she not, in every truth, as old as the hills—and is it not the accumulated treasure of the ages in mine and forest and field that in these present days furnishes the reward of discovery and development? Our hopes for her brilliant future are based upon her heritage from a generous past.

However, we rightly speak of her as young; for these very characteristics—this search for undiscovered truths, this building up of undeveloped resources, belong essentially to youth.

So too, our days at High School are days of youth: and they likewise are days of discovery and development. All around us,—in our language, in our books, in our school traditions, in our opportunity for education, we find the accumulated wisdom and experience of the past. Furthermore, in our very dispositions and abilities, in our capacities and inclinations, we have a heritage from other generations. So that, in a sense, we all are old—just as our country is old—and yet, of course, we are young, as she is young—for before us lie the years of opportunity and success.

Let us not forget then that while we are at High School we have the responsibility of finding for ourselves these treasures from other years that have been left for our use; that we also have the peculiar duty of discovering our own latent abilities and native gifts. What is more, we are under the urgent obligation of developing these capacities and gifts to their highest possible degree. If we fail in this, we throw away the opportunity of youth.

—F. C. ASBURY.



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PRINCIPAL

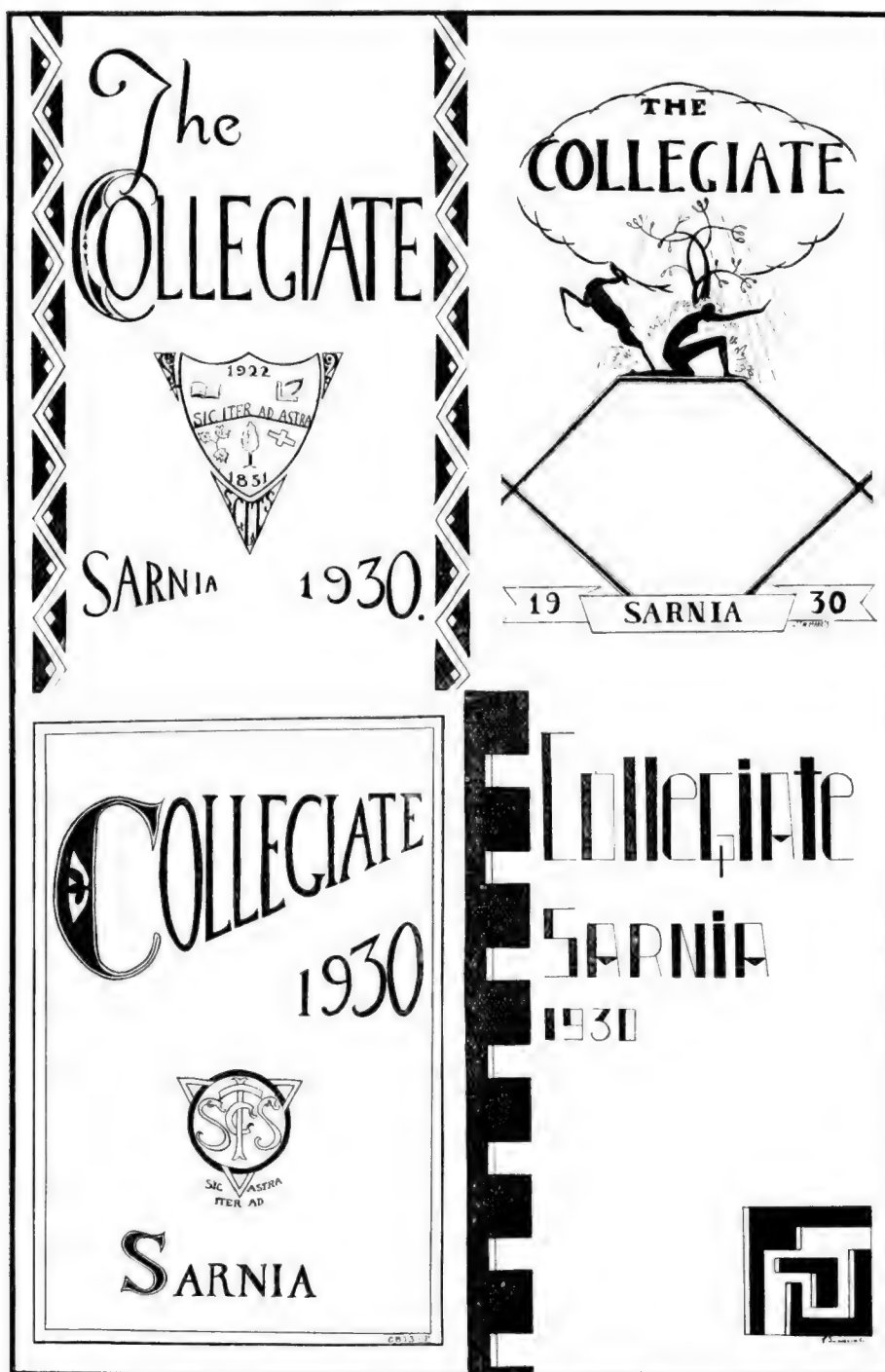
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LIBRARIAN	-	-	M. ISABELLE JOHNSTON, B.A.

SCHOOL SECRETARY	-	-	MAUDE I. MacKAY
ASSISTANT SECRETARY	-	-	HELEN D. BROCK



Covers worthy of mention, submitted for this year's "Collegiate."

Editorial



MR. C. B. LEAVER

In our dedication of the magazine this year, it was thought very fitting to choose Mr. Leaver, past chairman of the Board of Education for 1929. To many of you, Mr. Leaver was a complete stranger, but to others he was quite a familiar figure. He devoted himself wholeheartedly to the work expected of his position, notwithstanding his duty to the Imperial Oil.

Mr. Leaver was elected to the board some few years ago, and since then has held different offices in that institution. He was chairman of the special building committee during the erection of the Johnston Memorial School and his knowledge of construction and building served him well there.

As chairman during 1929 his attitude toward the student activities of the school was kind and generous and it is with reluctance that the student body saw him sever his connections due to his recent illness.

In conclusion let us say that we extend to Mr. Leaver our best wishes for a complete recovery from that illness and that we appreciate everything he has done for us during his span as a member of the board.

THE EDITOR'S CONVENTION

It is with rather a feeling of pride that one realizes the school production of high school magazines has reached a level of importance outside one's own community—no longer is there a feeling of seclusiveness. There is a realization of interest from other sources. For the past number of years the University of Toronto and the Journalistic Fraternity have sponsored an annual convention of high school editors. The purpose is, of course, to encourage an interchange of ideas, better methods of publication, to thresh out old problems and to find a way of making the magazine the very finest possible.

The Convention of 1929 was, in the opinion of those who attended, most successful. The meeting was opened by Sir Robert Falconer, in Convocation Hall. Men and women who were successfully connected with journalistic work, in all its departments, came in order to bring something new to that group of High school people, many of whom perhaps will continue in the work of magazine publication. The magazine was literally torn apart and each section individualized to such an extent that it stood out as a unit, not of the whole, but singly. There were group discussions in which each member was free to discuss difficulties arising from the publication of his particular magazine. If possible, a correction was suggested

and other methods of work brought forth.

During the period of meeting, there was time to become acquainted with those who were interested in the same things as you. When finally the time came to break up, it was with a much finer appreciation of those people who "Put out the magazine" than had hitherto been felt. The magazine, in spite of slight criticism, is worth its work, its problems and perhaps its failure, but most of all is that feeling of accomplishment which comes with a successful magazine in the school.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

A complete reorganization of the Students' Council was brought about this year. The "dead issue" of the past is now in smooth working order and should maintain its prominence for some time to come. It handles the student affairs of the school and is composed of ten representatives, who are chosen from the various activities.

The council should not be satisfied to run along in a single rut and dispense justice in student matters, but should look for "new worlds to conquer," as the saying goes. For some time now, a war memorial to those of the old school, who fell in the Great War, has been talked about. Talking is not going to get the article in mention, but action. This matter could be undertaken by the Students' Council, and if no outside finances for it are forthcoming, then let the council promote a benefit play or something of that nature, which would certainly be supported by the citizens of the city, a great majority of whom are graduates of the school. This undertaking is not a large one, and we owe it to those of the school who upheld the name of Canada, in Flanders.

Another suggestion is one that will be of interest to the graduates, namely, a reunion of the Alumni,

to keep them in touch with each other. Nothing would be appreciated more by those concerned, if, every year or two years, a complete reunion be held. There are many difficulties to be encountered before the plan could be made a success, but they should not be allowed to stand in the way of such a great movement.

These two suggestions are merely an idea as to what the Students' Council should do, and it cannot be a "live issue" unless it is willing to progress and expand, all the members working as one machine and laying aside any petty jealousies that might arise.

THE FRENCH PLAY

As seems probable, it may become an established custom for Miss Taylor to direct, each year, a group of Fourth form French Students, in performing the French play which appears on the curriculum for that particular year. Last year, some six students of the fourth year, under the direction of Miss Taylor, presented at a meeting of the Senior Literary Society, "L'été de la Saint Martin". The audience agreed in the opinion that it was a decided success. It was certainly a success from the standpoint of the actors, for without an exception, they received a high standing in the departmental examination in French authors.

This year Miss Taylor has again presented another group of students in the play "Le Voyages de Monsieur Perrichon". With John Houston in the leading part, the play has drawn from the student body much favorable comment, which needless to say, it thoroughly deserved. The editors reflect that a performance of this kind, in which the parts are spoken entirely in French, serves two distinct purposes; first it gives those who hear and see it performed a working knowledge of French as it should be spoken; second it pro-

vides a very lasting knowledge of French, both as regards pronunciation and grammatical construction, to those who take part in it, for, in learning their parts, they unconsciously develop an instinct which aids them enormously in their study of French. All success to Miss Taylor (or any other French instructor or instructors who take it upon themselves to go to the trouble of directing and organizing such a performance).

BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

The Boys' Athletic Executive, this year, has attained a higher standard of efficiency than it has for years, due chiefly to the efforts of our gymnasium instructor, Mr. Mendizabal. Its work has been general, covering seven or eight different sporting activities in the school.

It has been the case in past years to issue membership cards to the boys for 25 cents which made every purchaser a member in the society and gave him certain privileges in connection with W.O.S.S.A. home games. These cards were entirely done away with this year and money to carry on the work was obtained through the medium of exhibitions and gymnastic displays.

The success of the executive was assured from the very first, due to the keen interest shown by the members themselves. The two swimming meets were a decided success and on the last night the natorium was packed to completion. The Assault-at-Arms which followed close on its heels was also a huge success. The returns from these exhibitions gave the executive a good start and at the present time a favourable balance is shown on the books, notwithstanding the fact that the Hockey and Basketball teams had to be supported from the returns.

We thus see that an association of this sort can be carried out with

success. This year is only a beginning, perhaps next year and the years following, the society will go ahead with their work and accomplish things now thought impossible. So let us look forward to the following years of prosperity when the boys need not be wondering where the next few dollars will be coming from, for some activity, and every boy in the school will be taking part in some activity, not standing back and watching the others.

THE LIBRARY

It would be hard to ever realize the all importance which is packed together in this word "library". The most fascinating thing perhaps, is that it never stops. Its completion is just a bit beyond our reach—'round the corner—but who is not fascinated by a corner.

Paper bound together and placed on a shelf—an act of easy accomplishment. But is it the paper? Is it the shelf? It is very satisfactory to say—"It shall be bound in blue leather and placed on an oaken shelf." But would you not rather say—"Words that I have learned to love, printed on a page, worn from the finding. I shall send my book to a friend". A library may have grown like that—it may not. I choose to think that it did.

Yesterday comes close to the present and tomorrow is not far off—why? Through the medium of books we have learned to possess the thought of yesterday, grasp the meaning of today and prepare for the act of tomorrow. We have found expression for each inquiry of mind. We have obtained a means of comparison. We are linked in thought with the world mind. We possess the possessions of the earth. We agree. We disagree. Why?—because of books, and books make a library.

A school library—is it important? A child learns to read in a school and reading is an art. Few of us have

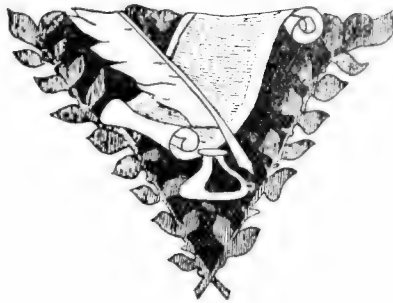
the time, the money and the knowledge to possess for ourselves those books that we should know. As a result a group of people throughout the civilized world have established public libraries. Of great importance is the fact that reading may be guided, until the mind can profitably choose what it needs and discard what is unnecessary.

A question arises in a class group at school. Interest is keen for the moment. The teacher in charge knows that in the school library there are books which will solve the problem. But also the teacher knows that by the end of the school day that question will have been forgotten by most. There will be no further knowledge obtained and perhaps the work of the whole class lost unless at once those books are available for use. This is a very material value of a school library.

Of much greater importance is the

person who asks, "I want something more to read." In the word "more" that girl or boy is possessing for himself man's greatest inheritance—books.

There is growing up in the school a library which is available throughout the day for use. We are most fortunate in having Miss Johnston in charge of library work, and under her supervision a keen interest has been aroused throughout the school. The study room is a thing of the past, and in its stead a new library is taking form. Book shelves have been put along four walls and a most interesting sort of bulletin board keeps us informed about new books, picture and travel. A group of Canadian Artist Reproductions has been hung, among which are several of Tom Thompson's. There are whisperings that next year will bring many things to this library of ours, and most of all we hope for books.



SCHOLARSHIPS



The Sarnia Collegiate wishes to take the opportunity of offering its most sincere and hearty congratulations to Donald McGibbon, Marion Brown, Florence Brown, William Jones and Keith Andrews, those who distinguished themselves and brought honour to our school last year.

The year 1929 was an exceptional year in a scholarship way for the S.C.I. & T.S. Donald McGibbon was awarded the Moses Aitken Proficiency Scholarship valued at \$400. This includes 4 years tuition at Victoria University, Toronto, as well as \$100. cash. Don also won the First Carter Scholarship valued at \$100. He scored an exceptional success when he received first class honours in all eleven upper school subjects on which he wrote. Besides this remarkably high standing in academic work, there were few school activities in which Don was not actively interested. Witness the fact that he was star end on our Championship Rugby team of '28; Senior

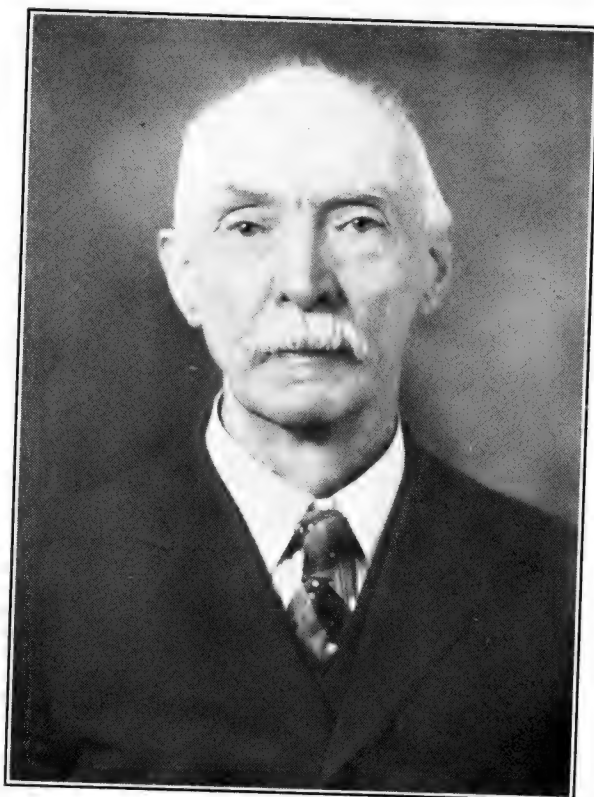
Boys' Track and Field Champion; served for two years as Associate Editor of the "Collegiate"; captain in Cadet Corps. Could there have been a more appropriate Valedictorian chosen? May Don continue on as he has started.

Miss Marion Brown in the Department of Modern Languages was awarded the James Ryrie Scholarship. She distinguished herself by getting First Class Honours in all eight subjects. Marion's record throughout the years she spent in the S.C.I. has been an enviable one in a scholastic way.

The Second Carter Scholarship was won by Florence Brown, netting her \$60. The Third Carter Scholarship was awarded to William Jones.

Keith Andrews was awarded the D. M. Grant Scholarship, given to the student who had the best scholastic record in Middle School. Keith is still with us, and we expect him to win more laurels for himself and the school this year.

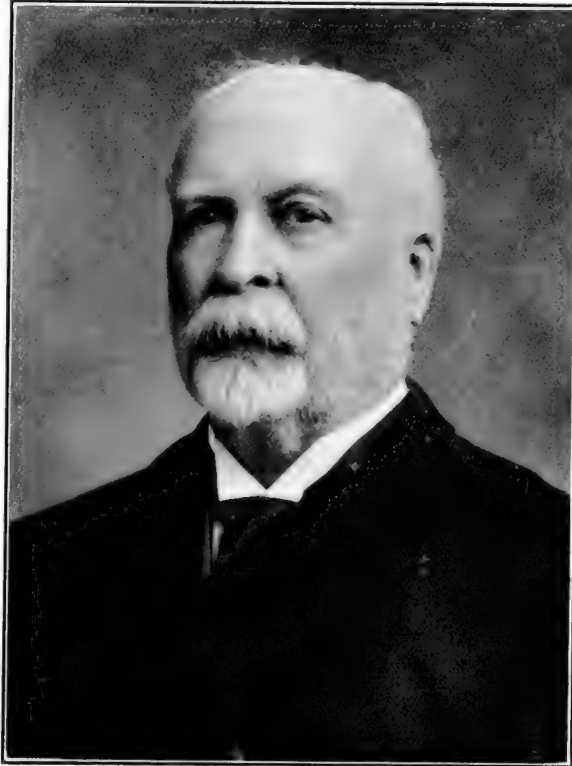




In Memoriam

D. M. Grant, B.A.

Classics Master 1886-1926



In Memoriam

Thomas F. Towers

"A True and Beloved Friend of the School"

information from many sources, retains it until an examination, for instance, forces him to pour it out again and in the same form in which it entered. To this class many pupils belong, pupils often in possession of a remarkable memory and able to obtain high marks, but never able to discriminate and unchanged by criticism. For them college may offer something, but it is not worth the expense.

However, the "tool" mind takes the facts that are presented, revolves them, discards the waste and unfit material and finally brings forth a finished product that is worth while. To such a student college offers much, and it is regrettable that there are not more with this brand of ability.

Several months ago a group of Standard Oil officials visited Sarnia. Of that group almost everyone was more than a university graduate; he had taken post-graduate work. Such is the trend in modern business. Men with technical education are required. This brings us back to one of my first statements; if the boy knows what he wishes to do, and that way leads through college, he should go by all means.

However, there are many who are planning to go to university and wish to take the liberal-arts course, or in the popular phrase, "get an

education". The words of one of the executives of a great industrial corporation may be quoted; "The trouble with the average liberal-arts graduate is, that he has not been fitted for a business career; he has spent four years of the most formative period of his life where the mental pace has been leisurely. When we receive such men they lack initiative and accuracy. They are starting with a four-year handicap and must be trained from the foundation." That may be true for the average, but here again the results depend upon the student and his attitude to his course. Business concerns will take the college graduate in preference to non-graduates, other qualifications being equal.

And so, in conclusion, let me repeat that if you are thinking of entering college and your parents can afford it without sacrifice, be sure that you are not of the "drifter" type and that you can derive benefit from such an undertaking.

If, however, college would mean a serious sacrifice on the part of your parents, do not be in a hurry to go; obtain a job for yourself, take one, two or more years to think it over; and when you go, you will find at college many more who have done the same thing.

BLAIR GRAY, B.A.

DRAFTING

The course of study followed for the first year in our Technical Department is general in nature. That is, in addition to the fundamental academic subjects, the student acquires an elementary knowledge of Drafting, along with Woodwork, Electricity, Machine Shop Practise and Auto Mechanics.

Upon the successful completion of this first year, he is confronted with the problem of specializing; that is, of concentrating on one of

the latter named subjects. When this special subject is chosen, all other technical subjects are eliminated—except Drafting.

To understand this exception, we have only to realize that Drafting is the universal language of our present-day industrial life, and therefore applies more or less directly to all vocational lines. At the same time a good grounding in English, Mathematics, History and Science is absolutely essential in order to devel-

op the necessary ability and skill in this subject of Drafting. It therefore follows that this graphical language forms a definite connecting link between our Academic and Technical courses of study.

However, this subject we call Drafting, serves a much more useful purpose than that of just recording and transmitting facts. It is the medium by which crude and vague ideas are developed and transformed into practical and useful realities of our modern life.

The origination and development of some of the most useful inventions can be traced down from early history. For example, the fundamental outline of our present day aeroplane was designed in 1490 by that Italian artist, Leonardo da Vinci, the creator of probably the two most celebrated pictures in the world—"Mona Lisa" and "The Last Supper".

To-day, in the midst of such rapid innovations and improvements in all materialistic lines of human endeavour, we may not stop to realize man's achievements, from the most delicate mechanism of the smallest watch to the giant generators that light our cities, from the tiny bungalow to the tallest skyscraper, or from the "swellest little Collegiate Auto-contraption" to the huge locomotive, ocean liner, dirigible, or aeroplane—all must first be designed and developed on paper by this process of Drafting. Then, too, the very furniture in our homes, the telephone, the electrical appliances, the radio, all were developed by this same process.

The Drafting Department of a manufacturing plant is the very heart of the concern, the vital, but unseen, force behind the scenes. It is rarely open to public inspection and, in consequence, seldom receives full credit for its indispensable contribution in the formulating and designing of the particular product of that concern.

New designs and developments are rigidly guarded by the manu-

facturer from his competitors on account of the present-day keen business rivalry. Generally, the public hears nothing at all about a new device—which may have been designed weeks or months before—until it is placed right on the market.

So to the vocational student, specializing in any of the subjects referred to at the beginning of this article, the necessity of a good grounding in Drafting is not always apparent. However, as it is the established language of industry, those who would succeed in any of the vocational lines will find that a knowledge of Drafting is not only advantageous, but really essential, in these days.

Moreover, since the age of invention and development is but in its infancy, the ambitious youth has great scope for his originality. He can fan his creative flame by keeping in constant touch with the latest scientific articles of all kinds, with the very possible happy conclusion of inventing and designing a SOMETHING, not only of lasting benefit to humanity in general, but also reflecting honour on his young country, Canada, at the same time.

Not all inventions originated in the Drafting Department, by any means; yet it is by this process that inventions are worked out tangibly on paper for their final practical application.

As a general educative subject in the school course, Drafting develops the pupils' powers of observation and his reasoning faculties; fosters mental retentiveness; and disciplines in concentration, patience, neatness and ACCURACY.

In the design of the 984 foot Eiffel Tower of Paris, we are told 40 draftsmen and calculators laboured for two years. The development of this steel structure, made of 15000 separate parts required 5000 sheets of yard square drawing paper. Each of these 15000 parts required a separate drawing, showing in particular the position of rivet holes of which there were 2,500,000, to an accuracy

of one-fiftieth of an inch. The design of some mechanical projects require an accuracy of from one-thousandth to one-ten-thousandth of an inch.

The slightest mistake on the part of the draftsman may set up a whole host of disastrous errors in geometric magnitude, down through all the following processes to final production.

Not long ago the Drafting Staff of a well known automobile company completed designs for a new model car. Extensive orders were then placed with a large number of allied manufacturing concerns; for the many different machine units, and other plant equipment, required for the production of this new creation. This plant renovation, representing months of intensive effort and costing millions of dollars, was entirely wasted. The various parts when manufactured would not fit together and the car could not be assembled.

The failure was traced to a mistake in the Drafting Department that had occurred months before.

Again recall the fall of the Quebec bridge in 1908 with its attendant huge loss of life. This disaster was traceable to slight errors in design.

Yet the accomplishments of Drafting Departments, in general, are so successful, that the few failures but serve to illustrate the high degree of perfection attained by this branch of industry.

So to the boy of ability, who is ready to acquire the necessary knowledge and its accurate application, the Drafting Department in our school opens the door to unlimited opportunities in this promising young country of ours.

E.G. ASKER, B.Sc.

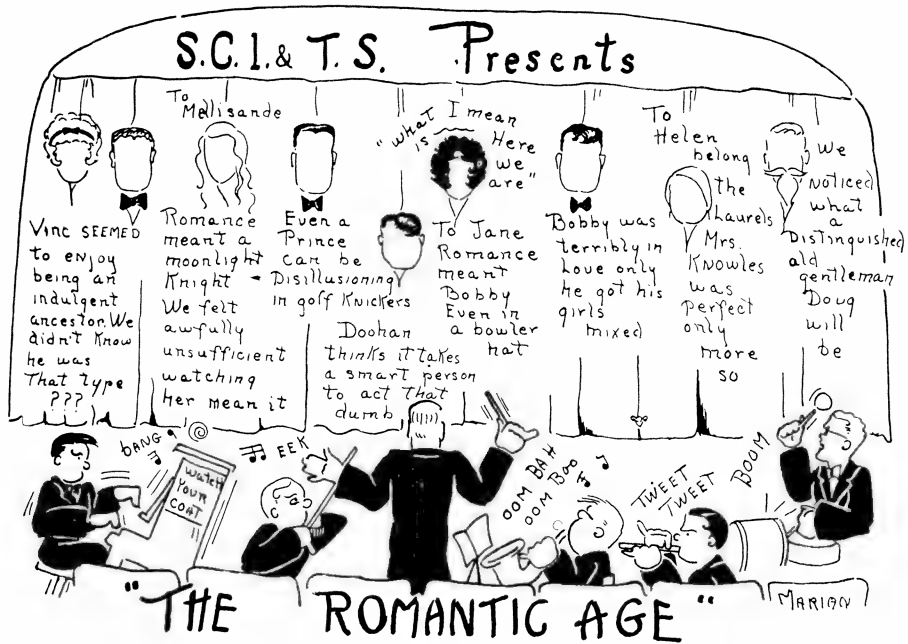
"The dexterous hand and thoughtful mind find their strength in union alone."—Rogers.

Brain Twisters

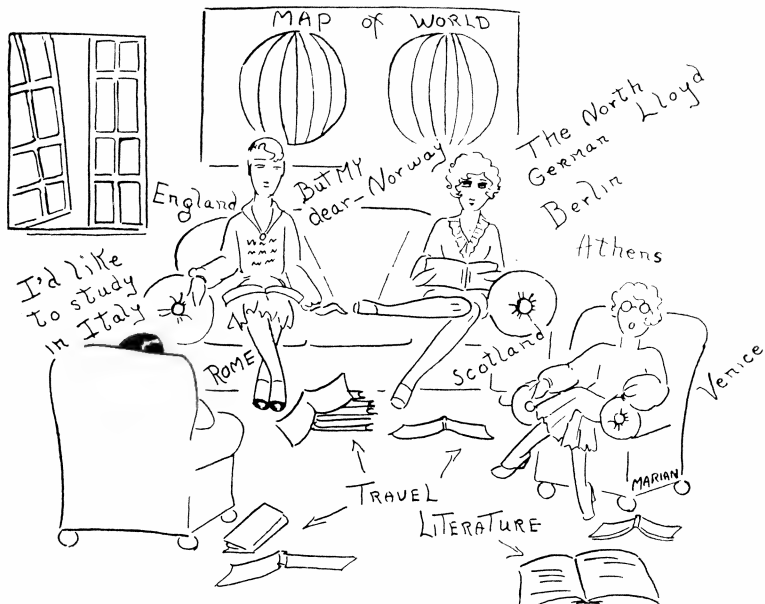
A man had \$2.00 and he had to pay a bill of \$3.00. He took his \$2.00 to a pawnbroker and the pawnbroker gave him \$1.50 and a pawn ticket. A kind friend gave the man who owed the debt, \$1.50 for the pawn ticket. Now he had \$3.00. Who lost money on the transaction?

* * * *

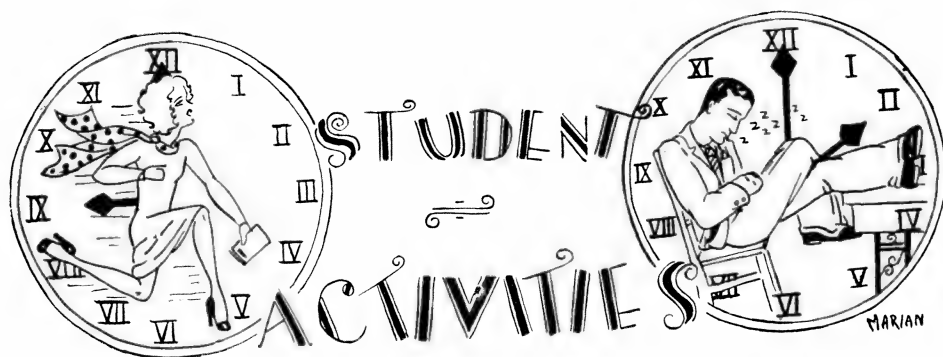
Think of a number; double it; add sixteen; divide by two; subtract four; double that; take away four; divide by two; take away the number first thought of and the answer will be two.



WE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW
WHAT THE STAFF DID WITH
THEIR SPARES ?



SOLN.- THEY GO . PLACES



THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Society got off to a good start when the election of officers was held early in the autumn. Fortunately, all departments were represented, thus doing away with the discussion which marred the beginning of last year's society. The first five meetings were devoted entirely to W.O.S.S.A. debates. Many clever speakers were heard debating on difficult but interesting subjects. However, when the debating season came to a close the Society then had varied programs.

The first performance was put on by some of the pupils of Fifth Form under the direction of Miss Johnston. An introductory speech was given by Mervyn Bury on the life of Stephen Leacock. This was followed by a reading by Andrew Hayne, humorously describing the mode of travel in the days of the horse and buggy. In contrast to this, a short comedy skit by Leacock, "The Last of the Rubbernecks", was presented. The roars of laughter from the audience must have convinced the actors that the play was being appreciated. The program concluded

with an exhibition of gymnastic work on the parallel bars by a group of boys under the direction of Mr. Mendizabal, which was particularly well done.

The second program of this type was a few scenes from the French play, "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perichon", which was well handled by members of 4A under the direction of Miss Taylor. Another meeting which promises amusement is one to be put on by members of 4B. It is to be a short play directed by Miss Scarrow.

The Senior Literary Society also sponsors the Annual "At Home", the School Play, and helps in the production of the magazine.

The Executive:

Hon. President—Miss Johnston
 President—Kenneth Bell
 Vice-President—Clayton Kilbreath
 Secretary—Velma Kearns
 Treasurer—Geraldine Steele
 Boy Reporter—James Geary
 Girl Reporter—Margaret Cobban
 Pianist—Patricia Palmer



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—F. Wellington, W. Craig, A. Albinson, M. Cobban, T. Deherty, G. Steele.
Front Row—H. Turnbull, P. Palmer, K. Bell (Pres.), Miss Johnston, K. Kilbreath, V. Kearns, J. Geary.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Junior Literary Society has had another successful term, marked by splendid co-operation of the junior school body. The programs were planned chiefly to give the pupils of the sixteen junior rooms as much practice as possible in Public Speaking and to provide an example through the main officers in conducting a business meeting expeditiously.

At the opening meeting, inaugural speeches were made by the president; Helen Patterson, Keith McMillan and Dorothy Brooks. The following meeting took the form of a short play, "The Dear Departed", and was very well presented. Clayton Kilbreath was the feature of the next meeting, staged by the Boy Scouts, and he told of his experiences on his visit to England a short time ago. The meeting was concluded by an interesting display of pyramid building.

A lively debate on the subject, "Resolved that the girls and boys of the country make better pupils at our Secondary Schools than do those of the city", was won by the affirmative side. A Mock Parliament staged by the Coll. 1A and 1B showed both the Senate and the House of Commons at work, and was enjoyed by all. As a finale for a series of meetings, the last program is to be a colorful patriotic one dealing with Canada's trade and commerce. About thirty of the second form Commercial pupils will take part in it and it is expected that it will be quite a success.

The Junior Literary Society wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the teachers and all the students who took part in any way and helped to make the work of the society for the year a success.



JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Top Row—M. Wocker, F. Edgington, D. Stover, H. Corey, K. Hall, S. Cadwell, D. Misner, V. Ferris.
 Middle Row—W. Teskey, Olive Smith, W. Winteringham, Miss M. Burriss (Hon. Pres.), Mr. Asbury, M. Hampton, A. Miller, G. Hannam (Pianist), H. Haines.
 Bottom Row—K. Williamson (B. Rep.), B. McDonald (Sec.), K. VanHorne (Pres.), H. Patterson (Vice-Pres.), K. McMillan (Treas.), D. Brooks (G. Rep.).

Junior Literary Executive.

Hon. President—Miss M. N. Burriss

President—Kenneth VanHorne

Vice President—Helen Patterson

Secretary—Bessie MacDonald

Treasurer—Keith McMillan

Girl Reporter—Dorothy Brooks

Boy Reporter—Kenneth Williamson

Pianist—Gladys Hannan and

Herbert Ridealgh

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTESTS

The new W.O.S.S.A. ruling for the year 1929-1930 caused the former Oratorical Contest to lose its name, and it is now known as the Public Speaking Contest. There were many pupils in the Sarnia Collegiate who were willing to compete in the contests and there were numerous entries in all four classes—Senior Girls', Senior Boys', Junior Girls' and Junior Boys'.

Several elimination contests were held with members of the staff acting as judges. The classes which

would have had lessons from these teachers at that time were brought into the assembly hall to hear the speeches. After many excellent speakers had been heard, the school representatives were selected. In the Senior Division they were Helen Raymer and Hugh Anderson. On Friday, February 14th, these pupils spoke in the District Competition in Exeter. Strathroy, Sarnia and Exeter were represented and both the Sarnia speakers were chosen as winners. They now are qualified to en-



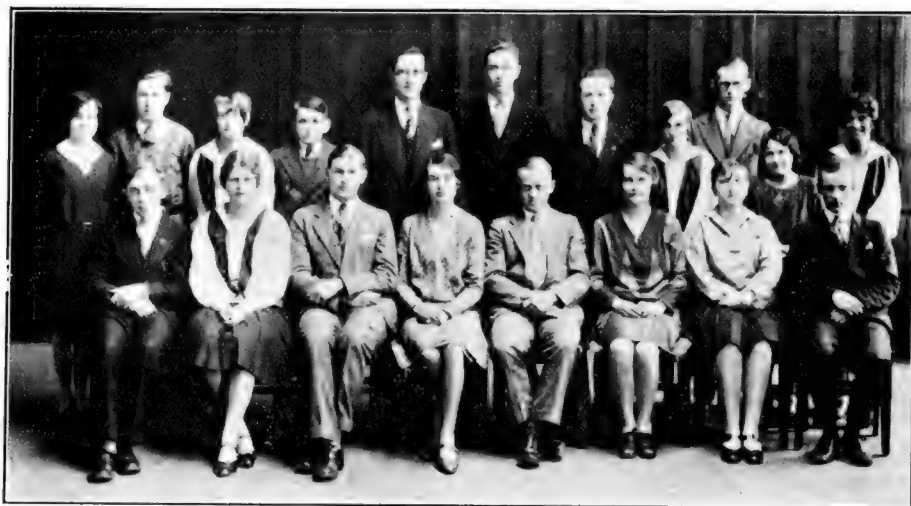
PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Donald Twaits, Hugh Anderson,
Margaret Pearson, Helen Raymer

ter the final contest.

In the Junior Division, Margaret Pearson and Donald Twaites were selected in the school contest. As the other schools in this district had no competitors, in the Junior Contest, the Sarnia speakers won by default. They too then entered the final contest for the W. O. S. S. A. shield. The Junior Girls' Contest was held in Sarnia on Friday even-

ing February 27th. There were six speakers and all of them were exceptionally good. However the Sarnia contestant was eliminated. In the Boys' Division the honours also went to other schools. The hopes for Sarnia winning the shield in Public speaking now rest with the Senior speakers, and to them the Sarnia Collegiate extends best wishes for their success.



DEBATERS

Back Row—V. Heffron, D. Stanley, V. Mundy, W. Doohan, R. Tuck, A. Hayne, M. Bury, E. Ritchie, H. Anderson, J. Murphy, M. Cobban.

Front Row—N. Nichol, M. Smith, J. Copeland, Miss Johnston, Mr. Payne, S. Symington, M. Urquhart, D. Ritchie.

DEBATING

For the past several years the Sarnia Collegiate Institute & Technical School has entered the W.O. S.S.A. Debating competition with much enthusiasm. Consequently this term, when a request for students to volunteer as debaters was made, there were several who expressed their willingness to enter the contests.

In the Girls' Series, the first debate was with Walkerville Collegiate on the subject "Resolved that Annexation with the United States would be in the Best Interests of Canada". Shirley Symington and Kathleen Kenny supported the affirmative side in Walkerville, and Elsie Ritchie and Margaret Smith debated at home. In both places the arguments of the negative proved superior, but our team was successful in winning the round by having a greater number of points in the score as Sarnia's loss was exceedingly slight in Walkerville.

Sarnia was then scheduled to meet the London Central Collegiate in

the second series. Mary Urquhart and Margaret Cobban upheld the negative side of the debate in Sarnia while Veronica Heffron and Jean Murphy spoke on the affirmative side in London. The subject under discussion was "Resolved that the British form of Government is preferable to the American form of Government". Both Sarnia teams were successful.

Our school was then qualified to enter into competition with St. Thomas Collegiate. Jean Murphy and Vella Mundy represented Sarnia on the affirmative side in St. Thomas, and Elsie Ritchie and Margaret Smith debated in Sarnia. The subject was "Resolved that Canadian Trade with other parts of the Empire should be encouraged". The negative side won both in St. Thomas and in Sarnia.

The boys this year did not get as far as the semi-finals in debating, but presented three good debates on very interesting subjects. They were coached by Mr. F. J. Payne of

the staff. The first debate was against St. Thomas Collegiate on the subject, "Resolved that the improvement of the Great Lakes to admit deep-sea ships to the head of the lakes, should be undertaken." The affirmative was upheld by Ross Tuck and Andrew Hayne at St. Thomas, while Jim Copland and Norman Nichol supported the negative at home. The affirmative won but the negative lost by a slight margin.

The boys' next debate was "Resolved that democratic government is a failure", with Assumption College, the opponent. Hugh Anderson and W. Doohan were defeated in upholding the affirmative at As-

sumption, and Douglas Ritchie and David Stanley for the negative also lost in Sarnia.

The third and last debate was against Walkerville. Douglas Ritchie and Mervyn Bury made up the affirmative team while Hugh Anderson and Gordon Smith upheld the negative at home. The subject of this debate was "Resolved that government ownership of public utilities is in the best interests of the state." In this debate, the affirmative was successful but the negative lost. As you may see, the boys debating was not a great success, but it is to be hoped that this interesting activity is not allowed to slide in the following years.

WOSSA SPELLING CONTEST

A recent innovation instituted by the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association is that of a Spelling Contest. A keen enthusiasm was aroused and many pupils were prepared to take part.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 29th, 1930, an elimination contest was held among the first and second year pupils. The words to be spelled were written in groups of ten and at the conclusion of each group the papers were collected and marked. After 50 words had been dictated by Mr. Asbury, the score was consulted and those with no

more than two mistakes were qualified to compete in a second series of words. When these had been written and corrected the best spellers were again picked out. Two more groups with ten words each were then given and the winners were declared. Alfred Addie was first, and Chas. Richards and Frances McMahan tied for second place. Other winners were Frances Watson, Woodrow Wooley and Patricia Duncan.

It is expected that several of these winners will compete in the W.O.S.S.A. finals to be held in the future.

COMMENCEMENT

Many pupils and friends of the school gathered in the Assembly Hall on December 20th, 1929, for the Annual Commencement Exercises. For several years Commencement has been held in the evening of the last day of the school term before the Christmas vacation. There is always, therefore, a feeling of merriment which makes the oc-

casional a jolly one. Many happy acquaintances are renewed when some of the ex-students arrive to take part in the program. This year's Commencement was very informal and pleasant.

As Mr. Chas. B. Leaver, Chairman of the Board of Education was unable to be present, the introductory remarks were made by the Chair-

man for the previous year, Mr. L. H. Richards. Following this speech of welcome, Mr. Asbury gave the Principal's statement and then conducted the exercises.

The Sarnia Collegiate was very proud of the Scholarship winners and the heartiest congratulations were extended to them. Donald McGibbon won the Moses Henry Aikins Proficiency Scholarship, and also the First Carter Scholarship. The James Ryrie Scholarship in Modern Languages was won by Marion Brown, and the Second and Third Carter Scholarships were won by Florence Brown and William Jones, respectively. Florence Brown was also the winner of a scholarship in general proficiency offered by the Western University. Keith Andrews was awarded the D. M. Grant Scholarship for proficiency in Middle School work.

An announcement was made concerning a new scholarship founded by Mrs. A. N. Hayes, in memory of her late husband, Dr. A. N. Hayes. The first award of this scholarship will be made in 1930 to the boy of the second form who has shown outstanding proficiency in athletics and has obtained an average of at least 65% in his school activities.

Donald McGibbon, one of the students who brought fame to the school both in academic work and in athletics, gave the Valedictory Address in a pleasing and informal manner. In his speech he urged the pupils to take an interest in several of the school activities, and not to make their school life too one-sided.

Certificates of Distinction and

Honour Emblems were then distributed. Owing to the fact that the heavy snowfall kept the trains late, many of the students who are now attending various universities were unable to be present to receive their graduation diplomas. This probably accounted for the small number of pupils appearing on the platform to claim their awards. Field Day Awards, Military and First Aid Medals and Typewriting Awards were also made.

The medals given by the Editorial Staff of the 1929 school magazine, "The Collegiate", were awarded to the winners in the various contests. The presentations were made by Miss Rachel Buchan, the Literary Editor, in the absence of Norman Paterson, the Editor-in-Chief of the magazine.

During the evening excellent music was provided by the School Orchestra under the direction of Mr. W. E. Brush, and the appreciation of the audience was shown in the hearty applause that followed each selection. A clarinet solo was capably rendered by Bruce Proutt. An Interpretive Dance under the direction of Miss Margot Gordon gave a colourful touch to the program. The dancers were Patsy Collins, Aileen Gravelle, Margaret Hayes, Margaret McKenna, Margaret McLaren, Marjorie Paterson, Doris Scott and Betty Wright.

An announcement regarding the Annual "At Home" was made by Kenneth Bell, and the Commencement was then brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

RUGBY BANQUET

The annual Rugby Banquet was held at the Vendome Hotel on January 10th, with Mr. J. B. Williams presiding. More than once the cry "beat St. Thomas this year" sounded around the banquet table, when

members of the 1929 Senior and Junior rugby teams were guests of the board of education. Among those present were William McIntosh of Port Huron, who drilled the Sarnia senior twelve in the use of

the forward pass, tried out for the first time last year; Ross W. Gray, M.P., former coach, F. C. Asbury, school principal, and R. Thorpe, trainer.

At the conclusion of the dinner, presentations were made to Beatty "Son" Jennings, coach of the senior squad last year, and to A. R. Mendizabal, who aided the junior team. In reply, Coach Jennings and Mr. Mendizabal spoke briefly in accepting the tokens rendered them, the former predicting success for the senior team during the coming season. Douglas Isbister was elected captain of the senior squad for 1930. Cheers were given for the 1930 team and for the board of education.

The past season, an unsuccessful one as far as the acquisition of championships, was briefly reviewed in some of the toasts, but there was a dominant note of optimism in all the speeches that the blue and white gridgers regain their laurels during 1930. The toast to the senior club was proposed by L. H. Richards of the board of education and the response was made by Kenneth Bell, captain of the 1929 team. Wiley Tennant proposed the toast to last year's junior team and James McDonald, 1929 captain, responded. Ross W. Gray, M.P., proposed the toast to the teams of other years, and Andrew Hayne responded on behalf of the students.

AT HOME

The greatest event in the social life of the school is the Annual At Home. This is a formal dance given by the students in honour of the Alumni and is held during the Christmas vacation.

The 1929 At Home was held in the girls' gymnasium on Friday evening, December 27th. The decorations were particularly attractive this year and drew favourable comments from the guests. Yellow, green and orange paper streamers were gracefully looped to form a low ceiling and then hung down the walls, where enormous paintings of gay clowns were placed. The lights extended below the paper ceiling

and were covered in orange and black. The attractive orchestra booth was decorated with coloured streamers. Punch and wafers were served. Dancing lasted from nine o'clock until one, and the evening was enjoyed by one and all. The patrons and patronesses were, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Ross W. Gray.

At Home Committee:

Chairman—Kenneth Bell
Decorations—Patsy Collins
Refreshments—Dorothy Hackney
Invitations—Bill Turnbull
Program—Andrew Hayne

ORCHESTRA

The popularity of the school orchestra is steadfastly growing both with the students and with the citizens of Sarnia. Some years ago scarcely anyone outside the school knew an orchestra existed, but now everyone knows the stirring quali-

ty of its performance. There is no other student activity that has so long, so promptly, and so willingly answered to all demands upon it, whether it be in regular morning assemblies, community or school clubs. It has a fine record and one



ORCHESTRA

Back Row—H. Turnbull, N. McMillan, R. Shannon, Jack Garrett, W. Clark, B. Glenn, T. Mathers.
 Middle Row—Mr. Dobbins, J. Kane, J. Houston, B. Proutt, K. Buxton, R. Taylor, V. Norwood, Mr. W. E. Brush (Leader).
 Front Row—W. Unsworth, L. Smith, E. Milner, M. Bond, M. Urquhart, M. Volkes, A. Hamilton, R. Tuck.

that the school may well be proud of.

To the students, long familiarity has tended to make less apparent the advances made by the orchestra and at times (especially in morning assemblies) one is inclined to think the students do not fully appreciate its splendid work. But, those who bear the excellent organization intermittently, easily perceive the marked progress. Mr. Brush has built up one of the finest concert units in the district and much credit is due him for his patient work and careful instructions. The orchestra has achieved real success and is invaluable to the young musicians of the school; it has enabled them to offer programs of great merit and educational value.

The All-School Junior orchestra is one of the reasons for the success of maintaining such a high standard in the Senior Orchestra. Mr. Brush organized and directed this organization which is composed of junior students in the Collegiate. Besides giving encouragement to those un-

able to enter the Senior orchestra, it also gives experience that allows the standard to be maintained.

Probably the best index of an orchestra's ability is its program. As proof of our statements we offer the program of the Grand Concert held in the auditorium of the S.C.I & T.S. on Wednesday evening, April 24th, 1929, under the direction of W. E. Brush. As yet this year's program is unavailable, although we hope it will be of even greater merit.

Program:

March "Father of Victory" Ganne
 Andante Cantabile (From First Symphony) Beethoven
 "Two Guitars" Horlick
 Creole Serenade Freire
 Saxophone Solo— "Valse Erica" Wiedoeft.

Bruce Proutt
 Suite (a) March Heroique Schubert
 (b) Minuet Schubert
 (c) Moment Musicale Schubert
 (d) Ballet Music from Rosamunde Schubert

intense interest taken in it by the school is probably the best guarantee of its success.

To the Cadet Corps, the Band proves of invaluable assistance. Besides adding a great touch of colour, it lessens the long, arduous route march with its cheery, swinging marches as a pace maker. It not only does all this but it also adds steadiness and precision on the march and on the campus during the Inspection, the first requisite of a cadet unit. Last year the Band was again highly praised by Brig.-General Armstrong and again won the respect of the citizens.

Not only is it a good marching band but it conclusively proved itself a fine concert organization as well, at the Grand Concert last year. The performance, under an entirely different set of circumstances than on the march, was attended by a large appreciative audience. The exceedingly ambitious program, under the direction of Mr. W. E. Brush is an achievement of which any Collegiate Band may well be proud.

The Program was as follows:

March—"Mystic Potentate" Myers
Overture—"The Calif of Bagdad" Boieldieu
Waltz—"Tres Jolie" Waldteufel
Selection from the Tannhauser

Intermezzo—"Indian Summer" Wagner
Moret
Selection from H.M.S. Pinafore Sullivan
March—"Montgomery Post" Rosenkrans
God Save The King.

Personnel

Solo Cornets—Charles Brush, Vincent Norwood, Gordon Link.
First Cornet—Kenneth George.
Second Cornet—Herbert Ridealgh Ralph Taylor.
Solo B Flat Clarinets—Bruce Proutt, Leroy Smith, William Jones.
First B Flat Clarinet—Garnett Husser.
Second B Flat Clarinets—Art Manser, Harry Love, Harry Turnbull, Ken Buxton.
Soprano Saxophone—Bloss Glenn.
Alto Saxophone—Bill Clark, George Sheply.
Tenor Saxophone—Harold Chambers.
Horns—John Kane, Everett Milner, Theodore Mathers, Jack Garrett.
Trombones—Fred Forbes, Bob Shannon, Jim Garrett.
Baritone—Mr. W. F. Russ.
B B Flat Bass—Mr. R. Dobbins.
E Flat Bass—E. McLellan.
Drums—Ellar Brown, Ross Tuck.

"Latina Sarniae Sarmenta" or "Latin Twigs of Sarnia" is the name given to the Latin Club recently organized in this school by forms Collegiate 1A, B, and D, for the purpose of improving the knowledge of Roman Life and Customs and of creating a greater interest in the language.

Miss Dalziel was unanimously elected Honorary President. The other officers are as follows:

President—Owen Lockhart, 1 B.
Vice-Pres.—Isabel Lang, 1 D.

Secretary—Arthur Smith, 1 A.
Treasurer—Douglas Simpson, 1 B.
A meeting of the Executive was held and rules for the Club were drawn up.

Owing to the large membership, the Club has been divided into three groups, each with its own chairman and secretary. Each group meets separately once a week. The Club as a whole, meets once a month.

So far the groups have been devoting their energies to Cross-word puzzles, games and the singing of

"God Save The King" in Latin. However the Club itself is looking forward to meetings at which the programmes will consist of easy Latin plays, charades, papers on

topics dealing with Roman Life, and songs in Latin. Under the careful guidance of Miss Dalziel the members hope to make the Club very interesting and instructive.

THE ART CLUB

Among the pupils of the school there has always been a considerable amount of artistic talent, but art, as a regular subject is found on the curriculum of only the first year Matriculation course and the Technical course. It was therefore for the benefit of those talented pupils of the higher forms who wished to study art more thoroughly that the Art Club was organized under the direction of Miss Brandon.

The art of Soap Sculpture was studied first by the members. The Club next began work for the

magazine and many artistic designs were made. In the Spring it is the intention of the Club to make landscape sketches from Nature.

Although a great interest has already been shown in the Art Club by the school pupils, the Club is still hoping to increase its membership, and anyone interested in the work is very welcome to join.

At the first meeting the Club elected its officers with the following results:

President—Paul James.

Secretary—Marion McKim.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

Early in September the Senior girls in the school held a reception in honour of the teachers and pupils who were attending the school this year for the first time. The reception was held in the Boys' Gymnasium and was well attended by both Seniors and Freshies, and the evening was a jolly one for the Seniors at least. The Freshies seemed rather timid at first but later joined whole-heartedly in the fun.

During the day the Freshettes were compelled to wear the school uniform, aprons and caps of green paper, and to wait on the Seniors whenever any service was required. Doors were opened, books picked up, and shoe laces tied by the First Formers for the lordly folk of the upper classes.

In the evening a mock trial was held. The gymnasium represented a court with a wise-looking judge

and a jury not so wise-looking in command. Each class was brought to trial for some serious offence which was committed during the day. The sentences were not very severe but were highly original. A Wheel-barrow race, a race with the Freshies pushing onions across the floor with their noses, and like punishments were imposed upon the poor victims. However the Freshies were very good sports and provided excellent entertainment for the on-lookers.

Lunch, consisting of hot dogs, sandwiches and Artic Mushrooms was served and everyone seemed to develop a hearty appetite when the mushrooms were discovered. Each Senior was responsible for a Freshie and everyone seemed to enjoy the reception very much whether it was the first or fourth one she had attended.

Thus ended the Freshmen's Reception of 1930. Stanley Ferguson and Ken Bell shouldered the greater part of the burden of the preparation for the initiation, aided by other senior members of the school.

Melisande—(his daughter) Patsy Collins

Jane Bagot(his niece) Margaret
Cobban
Gervase Mallory—Jack Stewart
Bobby Coote—Lawrence Thomas

Ern—William Doohan
Gentleman Susan—Douglas Ritchie
Alice—(the maid) Dorothy Hackney

AQUATIC MEET

Swimming this year, became exceptionally popular; consequently two of the most successful aquatic meets in the history of the school were conducted in the pool of the S.C.I. & T.S. The entry list was so large, that in order to eliminate some of the swimmers in the school, a School Meet was held a week before the Open Meet. Some splendid swimming and diving was exhibited in the contest; Tom Doherty was the Senior Individual Champion, capturing the Kiwanis gold medal. Donald MacGregor took the Junior Championship and the Kiwanis silver medal as well.

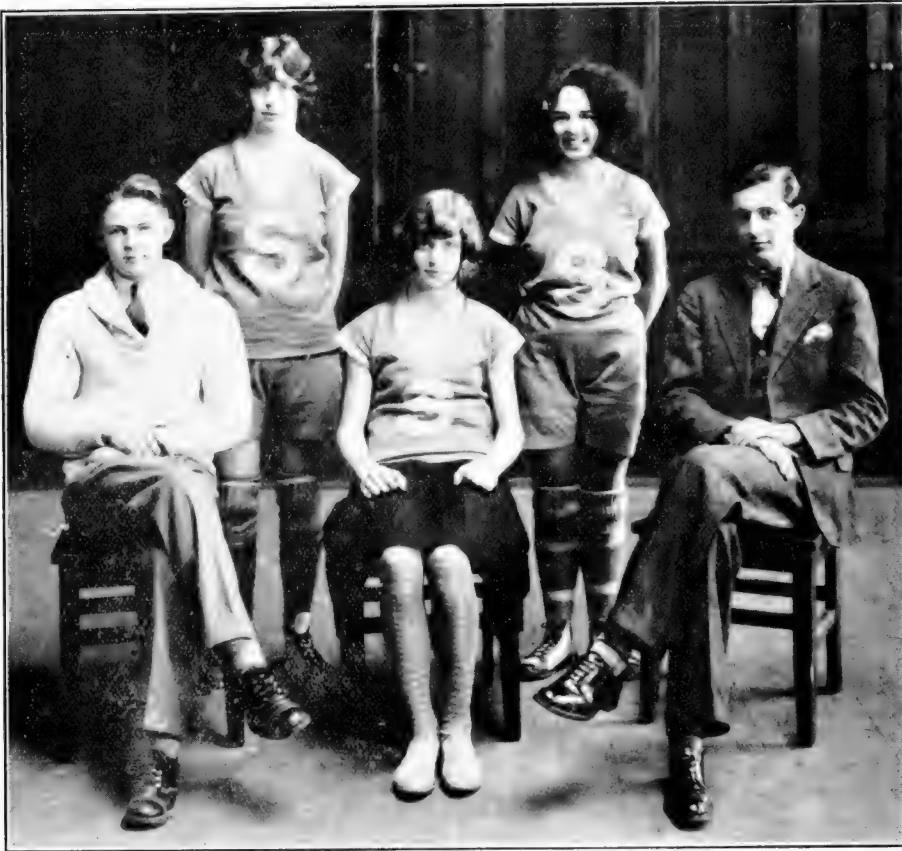
The following Saturday evening, February 8th, the Open Meet was held at the school in which St. Paul's, Wanderers, Night School, Lambton Regiment, and the Collegiate fought it out for the club championship of the city, while over fifty competitors tried for the honours in the many individual events. The entry list far eclipsed that of any similar contest in the past; in addition to quantity there was quality shown in the very keen competitions. We sincerely hope that

the great success attained in this meet may warrant it being made an annual affair. The large audience of local and Port Huron followers of aquatic sports were treated to an imposing exhibition in which races were the feature, and we are happy to say that the Collegiate swimmers carried away the majority of the honours. Tom Doherty, in the Senior classes and Donald MacGregor, were the best performers in the swimming events. In the fancy diving contests, the flips and many other varieties were skilfully displayed. McKeown, a member of the Lambton Regiment Club won first place. In the relay race the Collegiate team was successful in winning. The method of rescuing a drowning person was presented by a group of Port Huron contestants in an interesting manner. Mr. Wilder, of Port Huron gave an exhibition of writing, eating sleeping, and drinking under water. The Collegiate won a total of six firsts out of nine events. Tom Doherty took two first places, Donald MacGregor one, W. Burton, Ramesbottom, Ferguson and Burgess one each.

GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

On February 21st, 1930, the first annual Gymnastic Display was held in the auditorium of the school, while nearly the same exhibition was given the following Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the public school children. The crowd of parents and interested persons who

filled the auditorium, warmly received each number which formed a splendid program. The students of the Collegiate Institute and Technical School gave what, in the words of D. A. Clark, Hamilton, Dominion high-bar champion, who along with three other members of



TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONS

Standing—D. Rainsberry, M. MacGregor.

Seated—K. Williamson, E. Rainsberry, P. James

the Hamilton Gym club were guests of the meet, was a magnificent exhibition for a first year gym display.

In all the numbers, the students gave snappy performances, all of which is evidence of the highly competent direction of the physical instructor, A. R. Mendizabal. In less than a year's time he has given the students a most creditable foundation in gym work. Everyone swung through the work with a sweep and vigour that promises well for future exhibitions and the development of much championship material.

An outstanding feature of the show was the work of the Hamilton

Gym Club, which, through the efforts of Mr. Mendizabal, kindly consented to come to Sarnia to give an exhibition. Four representatives, all champions of the club, were present. D. A. Clarke, Dominion high-bar champion, led the party, the others being Tom Jackson, Dominion tumbling champion, George Williams, 1929 junior all-round champion, and E. Orlick, senior all-round champion of Ontario for 1929.

We can safely say that no one event could have made the display a success. It required the combined attractions of all the different sections of gymnasium work to put it across with flying colours, and it

was only through the untiring efforts and kind instruction of our gymnasium instructor, Mr. Mendizabal, that the students were able to

produce the fine results that they did. May our best wishes go to him for the success of future gymnastic displays.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY

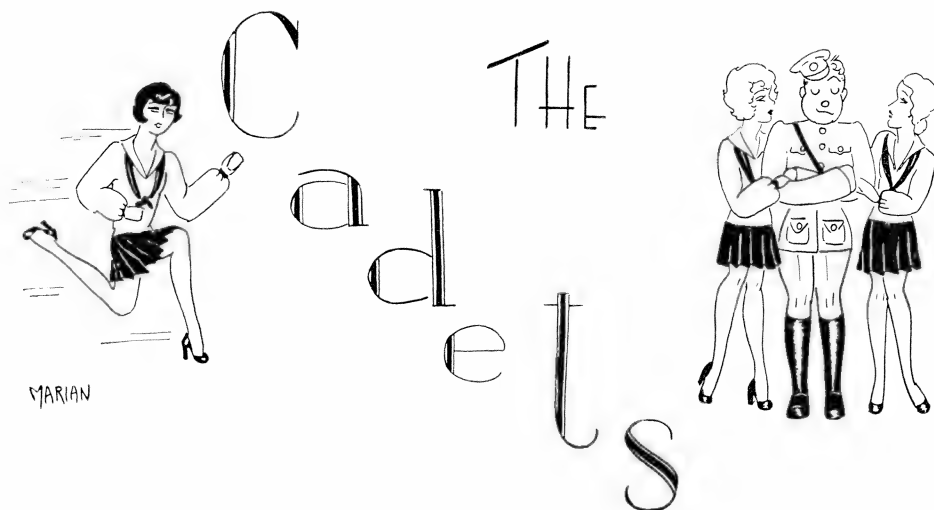
The Girls' Physical Training Demonstration was held in the gymnasium of the school on Friday, April 4th. For several months the classes have been rehearsing the exercises and dances and the demonstration was worthy of their efforts.

The program opened with the Grand March in which all the girls took part. A widely varied pro-

gram followed, which was enjoyed by a large attendance of people who filled the gym to capacity.

The program concluded with the National Anthem and everyone present left with a better knowledge of girls' gymnasium work. A great deal of credit is due to Miss Scott who sacrificed a great deal of time and effort in promoting the undertaking.





Our Cadet Corps of 1929, although one of the largest in the history of the school, failed to repeat the success of several years ago in winning first place in Military District No.1. However, last year's failure to win did not dampen our spirits, but, on the contrary, only made us more determined to get out this year, work hard and faithfully and try our very best to bring back the highest honours in Military District No 1 this year. But don't let us imagine in the fascination of our hopes that last year's battalion was unsatisfactory, for in reality, it was very successful.

After two weeks of hard training and the benefit of the annual church parade, the eventful day arrived. On June 5th, Brig.-General Armstrong and Major Jeffrey inspected the battalion in the presence of the members of the staff, students and many interested citizens. Prior to the inspection, the battalion, led by the band, held its colourful route march through the city, during which Brig.-General Armstrong took the salute at Victoria Park. On returning to the school campus, the inspection began. The corps marched past the saluting base in close column of fours, of companies and in column of platoons. Follow-

ing this, the Company Commander took charge and each company went through its manoeuvres under the critical eye of the inspecting officer. Then followed in order, the platoon drill, physical training display under the supervision of Cadet Major Williams and exhibitions by the Signallers, Cyclists and First Aid teams. Throughout the whole drill the cadets preserved a steadiness and smartness that won the praise of the onlookers, and later brought forth the compliments of Brig.-General Armstrong.

The splendid and efficient band organized by W. E. Brush, to whom we owe many thanks, aided in the success of the inspection, while the Signalling and First Aid detachments were given close attention by the inspecting officers. At the same time Brig.-General Armstrong suggested that the band adopt a school march by which the S.C.I. & T.S. Cadet Corps should be distinguished.

The spectators were treated to a splendid exhibition of prompt and efficient drill in the competition to ascertain the best drilled platoon, in which No. 7 platoon, under Cadet Lieut. Myers and Cadet Sergt. Stewart, were awarded that honour. The boys of this platoon were later

entertained at a banquet at the Argyle Tea-Rooms, provided by the officers of the Lambton Regiment.

Directly after the dismissal ice cream bars were served to all the cadets, thus bringing to a close one of the most eventful days of the school year. In the evening, the officers and members of the Board of Education were guests of Capt. Keeber and Major Fielding at a banquet served in the school by a group of girls under the supervision of Miss Robertson.

The battalion was under the command of the following officers:
Commander-in-Chief—

Norman Paterson
2nd in Command—William Williams
Captains—A Co., Donald McGibbon;
B Co., Kenneth Bell.

Lieutenants— George Clark, Wm. Turnbull, Walter Claxton, Kenneth Myers, Gordon Moore, Andrew Hayne, Douglas Isbister, Gordon Paterson, Stanley Ferguson.

Battalion Sergeant Major—

Donald McLeod

Company Sergeant Major—

Gordon Murray

Sergeants—J. Geary, G. Fraser, J. Harris, M. Heller, J. Stewart, R. Ofield, W. Reid, J. Smith and J. Griffith.

Band—C. Brush.

Ambulance— Lieut. K. Chalmers;
Sergt. G. Prudom.

Signallers— Lieut. V. Norwood;
Sergt. D. Ritchie.

Cyclists—Lieut. L. McKay; Sergt. S. Austin.

SIGNALLERS

A large number of boys again entered the signalling classes this year, although the course of the Lambton Regiment has been discontinued.

Instruction was given in the use of the Morse flag, Lucas Lamp, Heliograph, Buzzer and Semaphore code.

The Signallers took part in the inspection of the Lambton Regiment under Lieutenant V. Norwood and Sergeant D. Ritchie and won high praise from the inspecting officer, Brig.-General Armstrong. They

formed, in addition, part of the battalion at the Cadet Inspection last year and were highly lauded by Major Jeffries. It is our sincere hope that they will continue to prosper and become the best signalling section in Ontario.

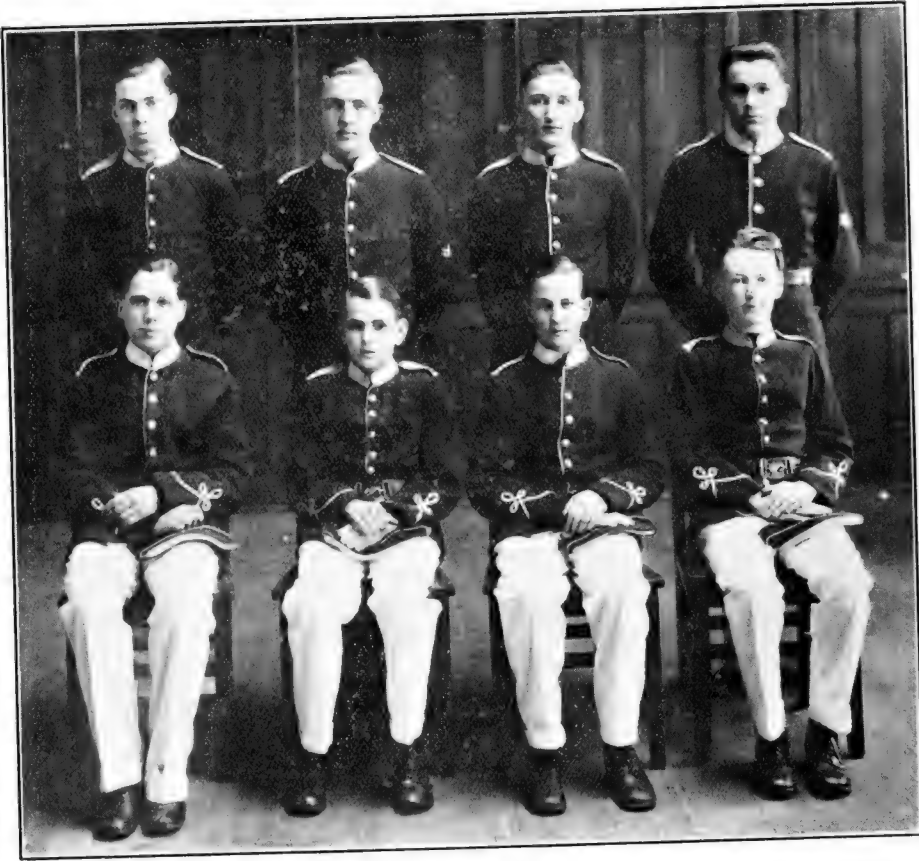
This spring a course is being given in semaphore signalling in the school in an endeavour to make this signalling squad of the Cadet Corps this year still bigger and better than ever.

FIRST AID

This year the first aid group of the school contains twenty-five members. Out of these, two teams of four each were selected to compete for the Wallace Rankin Nesbitt Shield. The boys were again under the supervision of Mr. L. Crockett of the C.N.R., who instructed them for an hour each Wednesday evening in the application of the bandages

and the prevention of bleeding.

On Thursday afternoon, January 23rd, Lieutenant-Colonel Lawson, from Headquarters at London came to the school and held the annual examination of the boys of the two teams. Later, a separate junior examination was also given to afford many others, who could not complete the Senior work the oppor-



FIRST AID

Back Row—B. Smith, C. Kilbreath, H. Backman, A. McKean.
Front Row—W. Teskey, W. Doohan, R. Gates, J. Kearns.

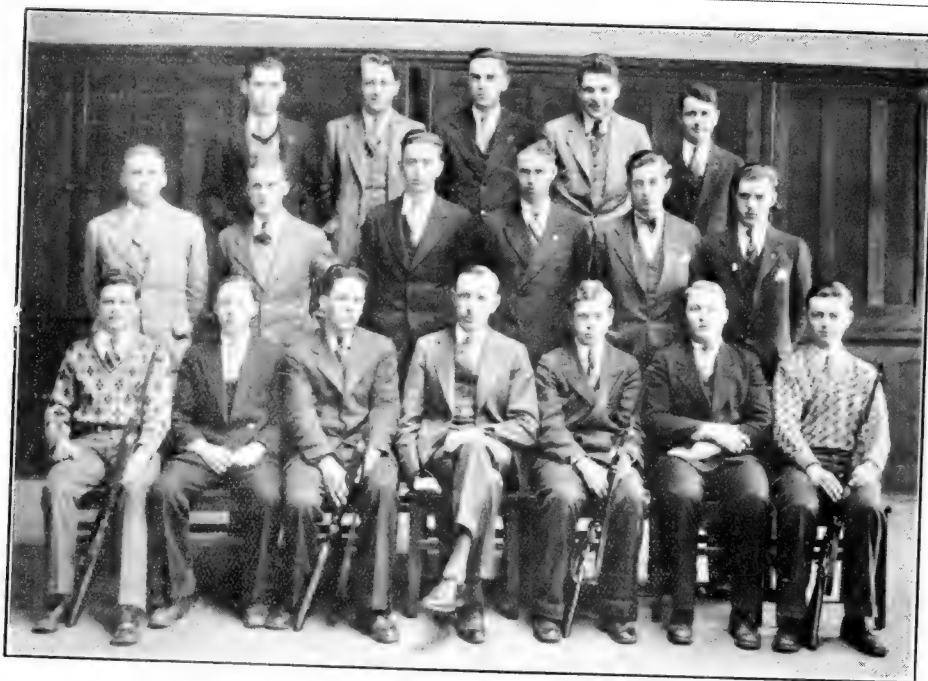
tunity of winning their junior certificates, which they must have before they can take part in any competitions.

The first team won first place in the competition of the St. John's Ambulance Association, Military District No. 1, and the second team finished second. The first team will receive the bronze Wallace Rankin Nesbitt trophy and are entitled to represent this district in the Dominion competition for the same shield

in silver. At the time of going to press no word has been received of the results of the boys' work in this competition. Clayton Kilbreath is in charge of the teams which also form an important part of the Cadet Corp.

First Team—C. Kilbreath (Capt.),
W. Teskey, W. Doohan, H.
Backman.

Second Team—A. McKean (Capt.),
B. Smith, R. Gates, J. Kearns,



RIFLE TEAMS

Back Row—J. Hare, R. Hart, E. Cruickshank, V. Norwood, O. Fleet.

Middle Row—R. Blay, W. Claxton, A. Hayne, J. Wright, P. James, D. Rhodes.

Front Row—H. Turnbull, G. McKellar, F. Hall, Mr. Fielding, G. Wade, D. McGillivray, J. Allen.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Among the various school activities rifle shooting is becoming increasingly popular, under the efficient and painstaking instructions of Major Fielding, until now there are few activities in which so many boys take part and which promote such keen interest.

Last fall the Sarnia Collegiate Rifle Team again won second place in the King George Challenge Cup Competition, on the Cove Ranges at London, and once more were nosed out by the Tillsonburg sharpshooters. But, although they did not win, they forced their old rivals to score a much higher average than that of the previous year, to beat them. In the same competition they won sixth place in Ontario and eighth place in the Dominion.

Walter Claxton headed the list

from our school and both he and Andrew Hayne carried off cash awards. The personnel of the .303 team was Paul James, Bruce Proutt, Andrew Hayne, Roy Blay, Walter Claxton, Orrison Fleet, Douglas Rhodes, Ross Hart, with J. Wright as Captain and W. Croxford as Vice-Captain.

Our school was also represented in the annual Laura Secord Competition this winter but failed to win any high honours, although in former years the Collegiate teams were generally very successful. The most plausible reason for their failure is what is commonly known as a "slump".

In the 1929 match of the D.C.R.A. winter series competition with miniature rifles fired on home ranges, Sergt. Arthur Lawson led the Senior

cadet marksmen with an average of 96%, being awarded a special D.C. R.A. medal. Lieut. V. Norwood came second and Andrew Hayne third, followed by B. Proutt, F. Samis, G. Murray, E. Cruikshank, K. Myers, D. Rhodes, R. Blay and W. Claxton in order of merit.

The Juniors to be awarded the D.C.R.A. badges were O. Fleet, T. Needham, J. Hare, W. Croxford, D.

McGillivray, F. Hall, C. Clark and H. Turnbull.

Last year Arthur Lawson won the Strathcona silver medal which is annually awarded to the best all-round shot in the school.

And now let us hope that under the careful guidance of Mr. Fielding the teams in the future will be able to bring our school the highest honours in all matches they may enter.

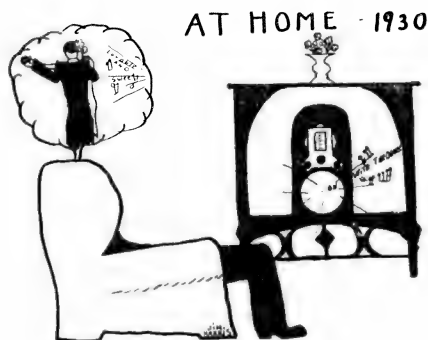
CADET DANCE

For several years it has been the custom to hold a dance in the school following the cadet inspection. Originally they were Tea Dances, but in the last few years they have been held informally in the evening. A banquet preceded the dance this year on June 6th, 1929. The dinner was in honour of the cadet officers and was served in the cafeteria by several girls of the school.

The dance which followed was a jolly affair and was much enjoyed by all the guests. The inspecting

officers were unable to attend the dance, as they were scheduled to inspect the troops of another school on the following day and it was necessary for them to leave Sarnia earlier in the evening. The Grand March was therefore led by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury.

Excellent music was provided by Gordon Link's orchestra and dancing lasted until a late hour, and it was with regret that the guests realized that the program was completed and the Cadet Dance had been brought to a close for another year.







Many students had the rare opportunity of hearing two splendid operas when "Carmen" and "Lohengrin" were presented in the school this year. On Friday afternoon, January 24th, 1930, Dr. R. K. Stratford very kindly brought his records of the opera "Carmen" and played them on the new school victrola before an audience of interested students. He described the plot and the stage settings in his charming manner. Copies of the words of the songs written in French were distributed which made it possible to follow the story of the opera quite easily.

On Thursday afternoon, February 21st, Dr. Stratford returned to the school with his records of the famous German opera "Lohengrin". It too was very much enjoyed by the students, and the perfect stillness during the playing of the music, and the hearty applause at the conclusion were evidences of the deep appreciation of the audience.

The pupils were very grateful to Dr. Stratford for coming to the school and providing such excellent entertainment, and it is hoped that it may be possible to have other operas played in the school in the future.

LA FIN D'UN RÊVE

Il demeurait dans une petite ville industrielle pleine de suie. Le brouillard ténébreux y suspendait plus lourd que n'importe où dans le royaume. Quand la fumée houilleuse suspendait comme un poêle noir par-dessus la ville, on allumait les lueurs pendant l'après-midi. À travers tout, on pouvait entendre le grondement sourd de la mer qui appelait ses fils à l'aventure. Et un petit garçon âgé de douze ans entendit et répondit.

Quelque part derrière la fumée grise reposaient les mers bleues et les antrès coraux, les ports étranges et les

peuples singuliers. Ainsi il quitta sa famille, il quitta ses amis et partit. Peut-être il était un peu désempoigné quand il vit le grand vaisseau.

Les hommes dans les contes qu'il avait lus, avaient navigué dans les corvettes ou dans les grandes goelettes, trois-mâts, mais pas dans les palais de luxe comme un hôtel. Une nuit pendant qu'il dormait, l'ancre se leva.

Une fois il était descendu dans une mine de houille. L'air avait été si rance et lourd qu'il lui fallut quitter. Maintenant bas, bas, sous les tillacs il avait le même sentiment. Ce

n'était pas l'air peut-être qui le causa, mais ce mouvement court trompeur du plancher sous lui?

Plus tard il apprit qu'il lui fallait courir cà et là aux ordres des passagers oisifs, non pas aux ordres sévères du capitaine. Il ne grimpa pas haut dans les agrès, il ne veillait pas avec inquiétude de la mâture, à l'aube—non il allait chercher les petits objets au caprice volage d'un passager.

Où était le vent frais de la mer soufflant sur son visage? Où était le repas joyeux et sociable des matelots. Pourquoi avaient-ils une horloge au lieu des cloches plus romantiques à chaque demi-heure comme il avait appris si laborieusement? Les passagers lui froissaient les cheveux et l'appelaient

"Petit." Était-il pour ceci qu'il avait pris la mer?

Un matin émouvant le navire entra dans un port du tropique. À la fin il voyait le monde. Avec l'impatience il attendit ses ordres de débarquer-mais ils ne vinrent pas. Le dernier passager partit; le dernier aviso entra au port, le navire restait seul dans le port et il y était. D'une manière pensive il se glissa sur le tillac et regarda fixement, passionnément le rivage—si proche, encore si loin! Juste une telle ville étrangère qu'il s'était figurée, reposait étendu devant son regard mais quelle tragedie quand à la fin il apprit qu'on ne le permettait pas de débarquer.

Jean Macdonald, V.

—0—

L'ÉTÉ DE LA SAINT MARTIN

Puisque le magazine de l'année fut publié, deux comédies françaises furent présentées sous la direction de Mademoiselle Tailleur aux séances de la Société supérieure littéraire. La première pièce, "L'été de la Saint Martin" fut offerte en Mai, 1929, par des élèves de la classe 4A. Elle était bien intéressante et les différentes idées françaises suggestives d'une atmosphère étrangère augmentèrent l'intérêt de l'auditoire et elles causèrent aussi, beaucoup d'amusement. La seconde comédie "Le voyage de Monsieur Perrichon" fut présentée en Mars, 1930. Les rôles furent pris, pour la plupart, par des membres de la quatrième année. "Le voyage de Monsieur Perrichon" était, peut-être plus intéressante que "L'été de la Saint Martin" et l'attention de l'auditoire indiqua leur plaisir. La présentation de telles pièces comme celles-ci est très avantageuse aussi bien qu'amusante.

Nous donnons ci-dessous les personnages des deux pièces.

Monsieur Briqueville
M. Norman Nicol
 AdrienneMlle. Gertrude Tully
 NoëlM. Jack Kearns
 Madame Lebreton
Mlle Jean Macdonald
 La BonneMlle. Hazel Gardiner

Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon

Monsieur Perrichon
M. John Houston
 Madame Perrichon
Mlle. Grace Baird
 HenrietteMlle. Nora Logan
 Daniel SavaryM. Jack Smith
 Armand Desroche
M. Evan Cruickshank
 L'AubergisteM. Roy Hicks
 Une PassagèreMlle. Dell Smith
 Sa Petite Fille.....
Mlle. Grace McWatters
 Son Petit fils.....M. Douglas Simpson
 Le FacteurM. John Bannister
 L'Employé du chemin du fer
 Jean, DomestiqueM. Bill Carter

EINE DEUTSCHE FAMILIE

Editor's Note: We regret that the printer was unable to furnish German accents for the following stories.

Diese deutsche Familie sahen wir eines Tages im grossen Bahnhofe in Toronto. Es waren die Mutter, der Vater, und Zwei Sohne, alle sehr mude aber sehr glücklich. Das Kanada gefiel ihnen and sie gingen, mit ihren Besitzen nach Alberta. Sie sprachen Englisch nur ein wenig und trugen einen Eimer, Reisetaschen und Sacke von Kleidern. Sie wollten bauen oder arbeiten auf einer Viehwirtschaft. Sie waren zufrieden dass ihre Besitzer sicher waren und dass die Tyrannei nicht mehr regiert.

Die Mutter, aber, war einmal reich gewesen und hatte in einem sehr schönen Schlosse am Rhein gewohnt. Ihr Herr Vater war damals ein reicher Herr und hatte Boote, Pferde, Geld, und Magde, aber auf einmal kam die Not.

Wegen des grossen Krieges nahm man sein schönes Schloss für ein Krankenhaus. Er konnte nicht fechten: er war zu alt. Mit seiner Tochter, aber, arbeitete er fleissig, indem er sein Geld freigebig aus teilte. Am schlusze des Krieges war ihr Vater sehr alt und bald starb er.

Jetzt fand sie sich allein und ohne Geld. Was war zu tun? Es waren nämlich in einer kleinen Stadt nebenan arme Verwandte. Ein Sohn, ein Fischer, hatte lange gewünscht sie zu heiraten aber wegen seiner Armut wollte ihr Vater seine Erlaubnis nicht geben. Er liebte sie und sie ihn, und so jetzt verheirateten sie sich. Dann gingen sie nach einer Stadt in der nahe von Koln zu wohnen. Obgleich arm, waren sie glücklich, besonders nach der Geburt, von zwei Söhnen.

Jetzt ging der Vater zweimal die Woche in die Stadt, um seine Fische zu verkaufen, und die Mutter ging immer mit ihm, um das Gemüse für die Familie zu kaufen. Taglich backte diese Mutter das Brot und arbeitete immer fleissig für ihre kleine Familie.

Als die Sohne neun und elf Jahre alt wurden, entschieden die Eltern, nach Kanada zu kommen, so dass ihre Sohne eine glückliche Zukunft haben konnten.

Wir wünschten ihnen Glück zu ihrem neuen Leben und viel Gedeihen.

Evelyn MacAdams, 3A. Coll.

—o—

DER RIESE, DER UBER DEN ZWERG LACHTE

Ein alter Herzog von Bayern hatte auf seinem Hof einen Zwerg, der Ephesim hiesz und einen Riesen der Grommelund hiesz. Der Riese lachte über den Zwerg und der Zwerg drohte ihn mit ein paar kraftigen Ohrfeigen zu honorieren. Grommelund lachte ein grosses heises Gelächter, das von seinen Zehren hinaufzukommen schien. Er forderte Ephesim es zu tun. Der Zwerg nahm auf einmal den An-

spruch an, und der Herzog, der ein Zeuge gewesen war, befahl ein Schlachtfeld fertig gemacht zu werden.

Jerdermann dachte, dass er über den Zwergmensch lachen würde, weil das arme Mannlein kaum zwei Fusz hoch war und er musste einen langen Weg klimmen, ehe er die Ohren des Riesen erreichen konnte. Der Zwerg begann um den Riesen herum zu gehen, als ob er ihn mes-

sen wollte. Der gutmutige Riese stand bewegungslos, sah ihn hinab, und lachte herzlich. Während er aber die Hände in die Seite gestemmt hielt, machte der Zwerg seine Schuhnesteln los und dann plagte ihn dadurch, dass er seine Beine kniff.

Grommelund lachte lauter als vorher, machte dann einige Schritte, trat auf seine losgemachten Schuhnesteln und stolperte. Endlich bog

er sich, um die Schuhnesteln zu verbinden.

Darauf hatte Ephesim gewartet. Schnell schlug er die Wange des Riesen mit solch einer Patsche, dass der Herzog erstaunt war.

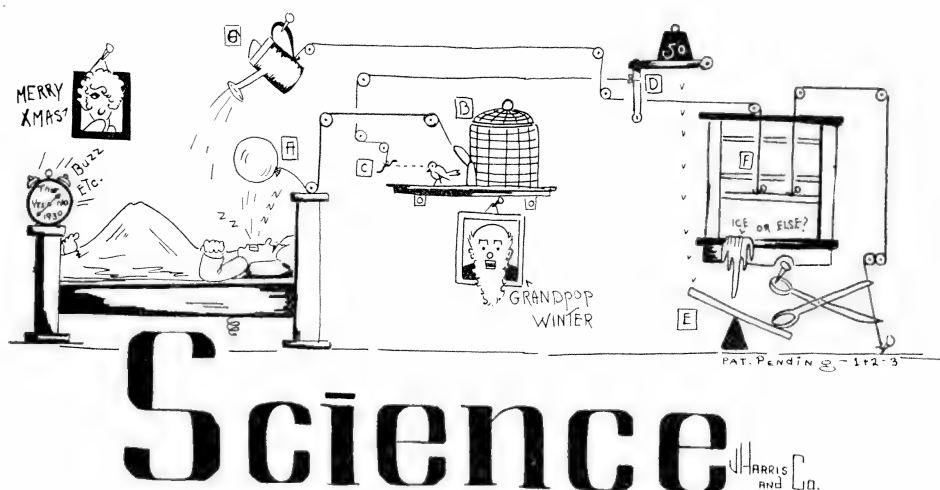
Der arme Riese war so bechamt, dass er sehr schnell von dem Schlachtfeld fort ging und sich im Berge verbarg.

—Mary Macdonald, 4A.

Mlle. Taylor (à M. Arnold)—“Combien de fautes avez-vous faites dans ce devoir? (un moment de silence) Sans faute?”

M. Arnold—“Oui cent fautes.”





SCIENCE— (As Illustrated)

Professor Brainwater, F.O.B., C.O.D., cracked another nutshell and received a shower of turnips when he offered to Pat Pending (who, by the way, is a big man from the south) the non-squeeking window closer for people who have athlete's foot. (apologies to W. F. Young Inc.)

Sleeper snores, sending balloon (a) aloft, pulling string attached to door of canary cage (b). Canary does the tight-rope act by skilfully walking out and grabbing worm (c); (give the little bird a big hand—applause). The worm—being an English worm (especially imported for this experiment by the firm of Bitem and Gougem) becomes independent and starts a tug-of-war. The reaction of the worm with the bird (and vice-versa) setting up a train of vibrations (see physics text p-177) causing rod (d) to pull from under platform causing weight to drop on lever (e). The lever (being a second lever type) causes the scissors to snap, cutting the string which has been responsible for holding the window (f) up. A second string attached to window tilts sprinkling can (g) on sleeper so that he wakes up and receives an early morning shower.

P.S.—Out of 100 attempts the window broke 99.987 times. Statistics showed the bird escaped through the broken window 99.999 times so Mr. Pending jumped at the offer and gave Prof. Brainwater a cheque for \$1.97 with which the Prof. spent a week in Atlantic City.

CARBON MONOXIDE

Carbon monoxide has in the last few years gained nation wide importance and is a gas well worth discussion. This gas is formed by the incomplete combustion of carbon, or carbon compounds; that is the burning of any form of carbon with a limited supply of oxygen; hence its formula CO.

It is a fact known to almost

everybody that carbon monoxide is probably the most dangerous gas known, on account of its poisonous character, yet it is not so well understood that carbon monoxide has great commercial importance. It is the chief constituent of producer gas, formed by passing steam over highly heated carbon; producer gas being about 39 per cent. carbon

monoxide and 61 per cent. nitrogen. Water gas also is made up of about 40-50 per cent. carbon monoxide, 45-50 per cent. hydrogen and small amounts of carbon dioxide, nitrogen and oxygen. Both of these gases are used for heating and driving steam engines for power, especially in Europe. They are employed on a large scale because they are uniform, easily regulated, leave no ash and require no labour for stoking. It is also used in the manufacture of an illuminating gas. While coke is used in the extraction of a metal from its ores, in a large number of cases it is really the carbon monoxide that brings the action about. For instance, when iron oxide is heated with coke, the carbon monoxide reduces the oxide to the metal forming carbon dioxide which passes off.

But now in order to understand just why this gas is so harmful, consider some of its properties. It is colourless, odourless and tasteless. Thus without a chemical test it cannot be detected in the air. There are no prolonged symptoms of its poisonous effect. The person may feel drowsy for a few minutes, but unconsciousness is also immediate, and death soon follows. The reason for it is that the gas forms a very stable compound with the red colouring matter (haemoglobin) of the blood, thus preventing the absorption of oxygen and the purification of the blood.

It must not be imagined that this gas issues only from the exhaust of cars. True this is the commonest source, but there are many other dangerous ones.

Probably everyone has seen the blue flames flickering over a coal fire. These flickerings are pleasant to watch but it is important to realize that it is very necessary for the gases about these blue flames to be piped away, as they are simply the result of the combustion of the gas with oxygen. If these gases, in any appreciable amounts were al-

lowed to escape into the room without combining with the oxygen of the air, there would be a very real danger. Perhaps if this were studied a little more fully, a number of so-called "Unsolved deaths" might be traced to it.

Day after day you may hear men telling boys how dangerous it is to smoke. They tell them it is poisonous to their systems, but they neglect to explain this latter statement.

One of the poisonous effects of tobacco smoke, particularly when inhaled, is due mainly to carbon monoxide, produced by the necessarily incomplete combustion. Perhaps no deaths have been directly traced to this source, but the fact remains that slowly but surely continued smoking will wear down the blood's resistance to germs by killing the red corpuscles.

There is a familiar statement that "alcohol and gasoline won't mix", but gasoline is not the only dangerous companion of alcohol, in connection with a car. Recently in England, two men were found by the roadside, in a closed car—dead. Medical authorities were at a loss to explain how enough carbon monoxide could have leaked through the floor boards to cause death, especially when their car was out in the open air. However, the police discovered that while the men were not drunk, they had been drinking, and accordingly Dr. Hill, head of the National Institute for Medical Research in London explained their death. He pointed out that alcohol in the blood decreases the amount of oxygen in the body tissues, and makes a rich supply of oxygen more essential. This supply of oxygen is just what carbon monoxide cuts off so even an exceedingly mild dose may be fatal to a person who has already had alcohol.

One of the most recent inventions and one which may be the most important for some time to come has recently been perfected by Professor J. C. W. Frazer of John Hopkins

hospital. It is a device which will take the place of the usual muffler on the car, acting simply by feeding more oxygen to the monoxide, burning it into harmless dioxide. Because of patent claims, the exact nature of the material has not yet been revealed. But it is known that it is a catalyst similar in action of manganese dioxide and copper oxide. By a series of experiments he has shown that a canister of this catalyst will deaden the sound of

the engine explosions and remove all the unburned fuel gases as well as the deadly carbon monoxide. It is further believed that the heat from this reaction may be utilized in future installations.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Professor Hill's invention will reduce to a minimum the number of fatalities resulting from this most deadly gas.

Jean Murphy, 4B.

UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANTS

Undesirable immigrants! Immediately the picture of immoral, unscrupulous, thieving persons comes to our minds. The word "immigrant" need not, however, be applied to humans only. Many undesirable plants, insects, and birds have settled in our country. Thousands of dollars are annually expended in an attempt to eradicate them. Also, the time and work of many are being devoted to prevent the entrance of further undesirables. Custom officers are ever on the alert to stop any bulbs or roots entering, lest they be housing some grub or insect.

It was probably in the straw of the packing box, or in the feeding and bedding in the boats transporting fancy breeds of livestock from Europe to North America that the seed of a certain thistle was carried here. Ever since its arrival, it has been a pest in the grain fields, hay-fields and along the roadside. Many times the gardiner's back has been well nigh broken as he leaned over his hoe patiently chopping off the bristly green heads springing up between the potato plants. Many a painful trip the barefooted farmer's lad has had as he walked through the back pasture for the cows. Everyone is familiar with this weed, and though it does not merit such a name, it is known as the Canada

Thistle. May few Canadian citizens be so troublesome!

But it is not only the thistle that is a continual worry to the gardener. The potato beetle, as the land became cultivated and potatoes were grown, left the region at the base of the Rocky Mountains. It moved eastward from one patch to the next until in 1874 it reached the Atlantic coast.

The white butterflies that flutter about in the sunlight above the garden, are without doubt the most injurious to agriculture, of all the species of butterflies. Since the larvae bore into the heart of the cabbage the poisonous application could not reach them, even if it were advisable to sprinkle poison on the edible part of the vegetable. Thus it is necessary to fight the first and second broods before the head of the cabbage has formed. These butterflies came from Europe fifty years ago and they are now in every cabbage patch on the continent.

The damage caused by the notorious European corn borer has in recent years attracted much attention. The failure of a corn crop is not merely a loss to the canneries but it affects such important industries as those of starch and glucose and corn syrup.

The borer may have come in 1910 in broom corn to a broom factory at St. Thomas but was not known till 1920. Since it has spread over all Ontario. Attempts are being made to find insect parasites to prey upon the pest. Much study is required and many difficulties arise—for instance Ontario climate may not suit certain parasites which would otherwise attack the borer.

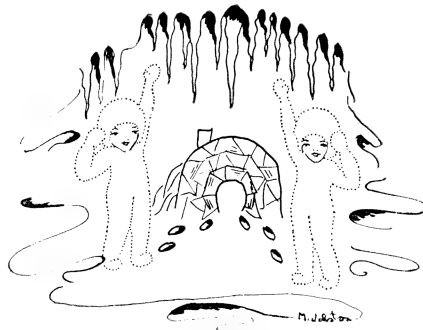
Perhaps we should now consider some feathered immigrants. In 1890 some eighty starlings were set free at New York, and the next year another eighty were released. There are now millions of these black, long beaked, short-tailed birds. In 1926 they first arrived in Michigan, and now are frequently seen in Ontario. Is this bird a pest? It is not yet proven to a certainty. Biologists say that the time it spends injuring and molesting birds is extremely short in comparison with the endless hours spent in searching for insects, seeds or wild fruits. In spite of this it is being condemned, and if its rapid rate of increase continues birds of whose value we are certain, are sure to suffer. Then measures will have to be taken to exterminate it.

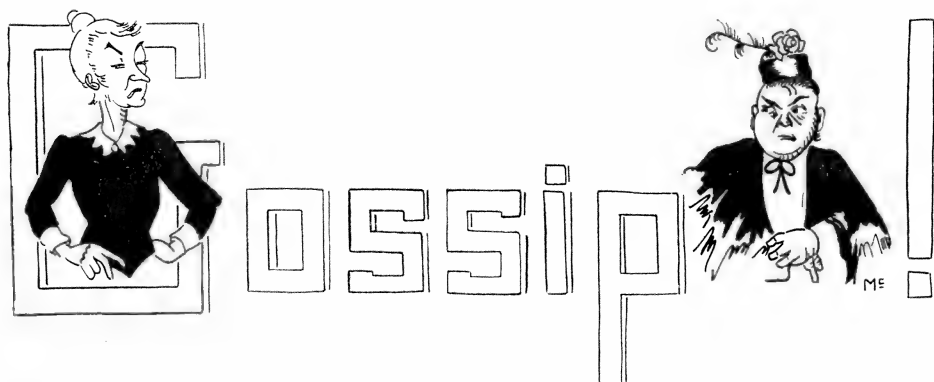
In the case of every plant, insect or bird which thrives in a new country, there must be a climate suited to it. Then if it leaves behind its natural enemies of the native land it enjoys a fine life of freedom; it does not even have to compete for food.

When the English sparrow was brought to Canada from England about 1851 it evidently found all the above conditions in its favour. It has prospered greatly, but unfortunately at the expense of others. The following poem by M. I. Forsythe well describes it:

So dainty in plumage and hue,
A study in gray and brown,
How little, how little we knew
The pest he would prove to the town!
From dawn until daylight grows dim,
Perpetual chatter and scold.
No winter migration for him,
Not even afraid of the cold!
Scarce a song-bird he fails to molest,
Belligerent, meddlesome thing!
Wherever he goes as a guest
He is sure to remain as a king.

—Shirley Symington, Vth.





The Gossip this year has again reverted to the old form, due to lack of material for a paper as was published last year. We hope that all that follows will not be taken seriously by the students, but as a humorous section.

* * * *

Our Vincent was always considered quite a chevalier but he quite surprised us when he, clothes and all, vanished, into the pool to rescue fair damsel (Hayne) in distress.

* * * *

When we announced a one cent reduction to the lady teachers for our Assault-at-Arms, there was a bargain sale and the lady teachers turned out en masse. We thank you.

* * * *

The Great God Gold had a strangle-hold on some of the men teacher's pockets. Mathematically there was about 800% amusement for 25 cents, yet the response of the male staff was very disappointing.

* * * *

We wonder where Walsh and Jean Murphy are on Sunday nights. Neither have their home-work done on Monday.

* * * *

We wonder how many freshies have rolled chalk with their noses on the corridors for wearing hats in the halls.

* * * *

What freshman thought himself too big to carry gym mats one night? We notice he's carried them on every occasion since. Now Dupee.

* * * *

What freshies had a hot time for using the front door before the period of probation ended. Ask Palmer and Irwin Fraser.

* * * *

Who is the Stude who buys a package of cigarettes in the fall and fills it from dad's tin all the school year? Now John Paul.

* * * *

We wonder why E. Cruickshank is always hanging around second floor locker room. Madalyne R. could explain this.

* * * *

We hear that Miss Scarrow is offering a reward to anyone who can stop 2C giggling. Step up now.

We believe that the Magazine Staff should stage another Snake Walk and perhaps awaken Sarnia's hefty police force once more.

* * * *

We wonder if Andy and Doug enjoyed the movie which did solve the problem of how to decorate the gym without any work.

* * * *

We wonder why Dorothy Misner saves a seat in a box at the Imperial on Saturday afternoons.

* * * *

The student body wonders if Mr. Andrews pays for the water used in the school.

* * * *

We wonder why Norwood lived in the study room till the middle of February and now is haunting the first floor again?

* * * *

Why etc. didn't Jean Burgess "care" to go to the At Home? We missed her.

* * * *

Why are Special's tally-ho's so popular? Ask Eileen Knight.

* * * *

What are the stakes for study room poker?

* * * *

Speaking of our Rugby Team having "fine" voices perhaps "Daddy" O'Ray could testify as to their possibilities for Vaudeville, Glee Club, etc.

* * * *

Where did Clarke (William) and John Garrett learn their "combination" hula dance?

* * * *

Did George Clarke ever recover his Dack? We did notice Mr. Brush with rather a peculiar looking new black violin case.

* * * *

THINGS WE CANNOT FEATURE ARE NUMEROUS—SEVERAL ARE

Tuck playing a saxophone.

Gerry Steele without a smile.

Andy Hayne in a bowler.

Mary Gordon and Mr. Andrews agreeing.

Brother Bell not arguing with someone.

Hosie without a wave in his hair.

Moore being a regular attendant.

McLeod not talking to Dorothy Hackney.

Norwood not giving advice.

Arnold without gum.

Clydesdale on time in the morning.

Miss Gordon without a room full of detentions.

Major Fielding without a rifle practise.

* * * *

How does Gertrude Tully pass her evenings lately? She has't done her homework for weeks.

Poor Edith Dyle doesn't know whether she has appendicitis or appendiciditis—so they are going to operate and find out.

* * * *

NOTICE!

A \$5.00 reward will be paid to anyone who can give information about the names of two girls from the upper corridor who heard Doug Isbister make a certain remark.

* * * *

4B wonders why Claude Cook was seen hanging around the bulletin board at the Observer Office the Saturday that the grls' Basketball team was in Windsor.

* * * *

What girls refused to come to the Freshie Reception without their cosmetics, and had them thoroughly removed?

* * * *

Helen MacIntyre is still insisting that she did not miss the train in Chatham on purpose—but we have heard of a "fair" attraction.

* * * *

When did Ralph Tremain nearly become a Fiji Islander?

* * * *

We are sorry to hear that "Mendy" has wasted six dollars. Was it a Borsalino?

* * * *

It has been rumoured that Jack Smith was once seen when he was completely awake.

* * * *

We wonder if the Sarnia Police Force know that their stopping a snake-walk called forth an editorial in a Cardiff (England) newspaper? (S.C.I. Students sure have a lot of pull.)

* * * *

We didn't believe the things said against "Wid" Unsworth 'til Ramsay caught him taking excess sawdust out of his neck in Geometry Class.

* * * *

We wonder if Mr. Andrews has begun correspondence lessons in French since a particular Thursday morning? Yes, it certainly must be annoying when people write their notes in French.

* * * *

We wonder if Miss Scott gets any more kick out of playing the Desert Song than Special Com. gets out of dancing to it.

* * * *

Jack G. is building a house—so Dame Rumour says. When it it to be, "Betty"?

* * * *

Speaking of Sodalitas—Why do some pupils insist on saying Soda Lights? Because of Autolite, high-light or ignorance?

* * * *

Leroy Smith prefers blondes, brunettes or what have you.

* * * *

And of course there will always be Mr. Gray's joke about the "late Miss Carson".

Tho' M. Patterson isn't in Vth, she has a particular love for trains.

* * * *

A sure sign of Spring—When little Stanley Ferguson couldn't resist counting his marbles in the Assembly Hall. (Feb. 28th)

* * * *

Did anyone see our Lawrence Thomas at Ralph Connor's Lecture?

* * * *

Do Clarke and Garrett still annoy Mr. Mendizabal with "these terrible braces"? However, they can't compare with Bell's tie, according to his testimony. Eh Ken!

* * * *

What was Keith Andrew thinking about when he translated "je l'avait a peine embrassee"—as "I had kissed her with difficulty?"

* * * *

Why does Aileen Gravelle enjoy a detention for Chemistry?

* * * *

We wonder why T3 always tells Mr. Fielding he has never given them homework?

* * * *

Does R. Galloway always forget his books on purpose?

* * * *

Who told Miss Brandon Tim Pardee was a bad boy?

* * * *

What happens at the teachers' meetings? They all come away like high-pressure salesmen and are bound to get someone in the next week.

* * * *

Where did Barney's bank roll go to on the St. Thomas trip?

* * * *

Who lit the fire in the Drafting room?

* * * *

Who tied the alarm on Kelley's arm?

* * * *

We wonder if a warm-blooded animal is a hot dog? Ask Gord Murray.

* * * *

We have decided to call Geo. Albinson "Amos" to balance all the "Andies" in the school.

* * * *

We wonder if Hackney takes the gum out of his mouth before retiring?

* * * *

Speaking of the "Romantic Age" you ought to hear the girls in 2C.Coll.

* * * *

We wonder what has become of all the diaries about the school—remember, Marge?

* * * *

Where were Proutt and Claxton the night before the final shoot in London?

* * * *

We wonder if Jimmie knows anything about Evelyn's fractured elbow.

What girl in 3B is so popular that she had her boy friends fighting over her.

* * * *

We wonder if the people of Ridgetown would be flattered if they knew that Miss Scott persistently called it Ridgeburg?

* * * *

We wonder if Velma Kearns was really born out west in a place called "Eyebrow".

* * * *

How come Milly Hall actually got into the theater at Chatham on a child's ticket—(Aha, we know. She got Pat Palmer to buy her a ticket.)

* * * *

Who is the boy in Fifth who sent all the girls in his form Valentines? Now, Carlyle.

* * * *

Among the modern jazz we find "Kiddy Capers", which is unanimously dedicated to "little skipper" Bell.

* * * *

Who were the three(?) pupils who had such a good time before and after the Petrolia Cadet Inspection last year?

* * * *

We all make mistakes—perhaps Tuck won't leap before he looks again and will keep his hat off in the hall.

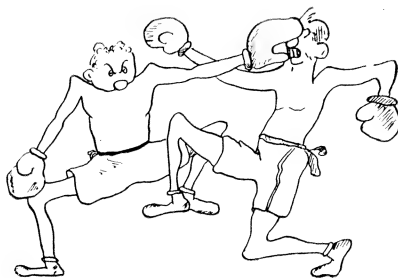
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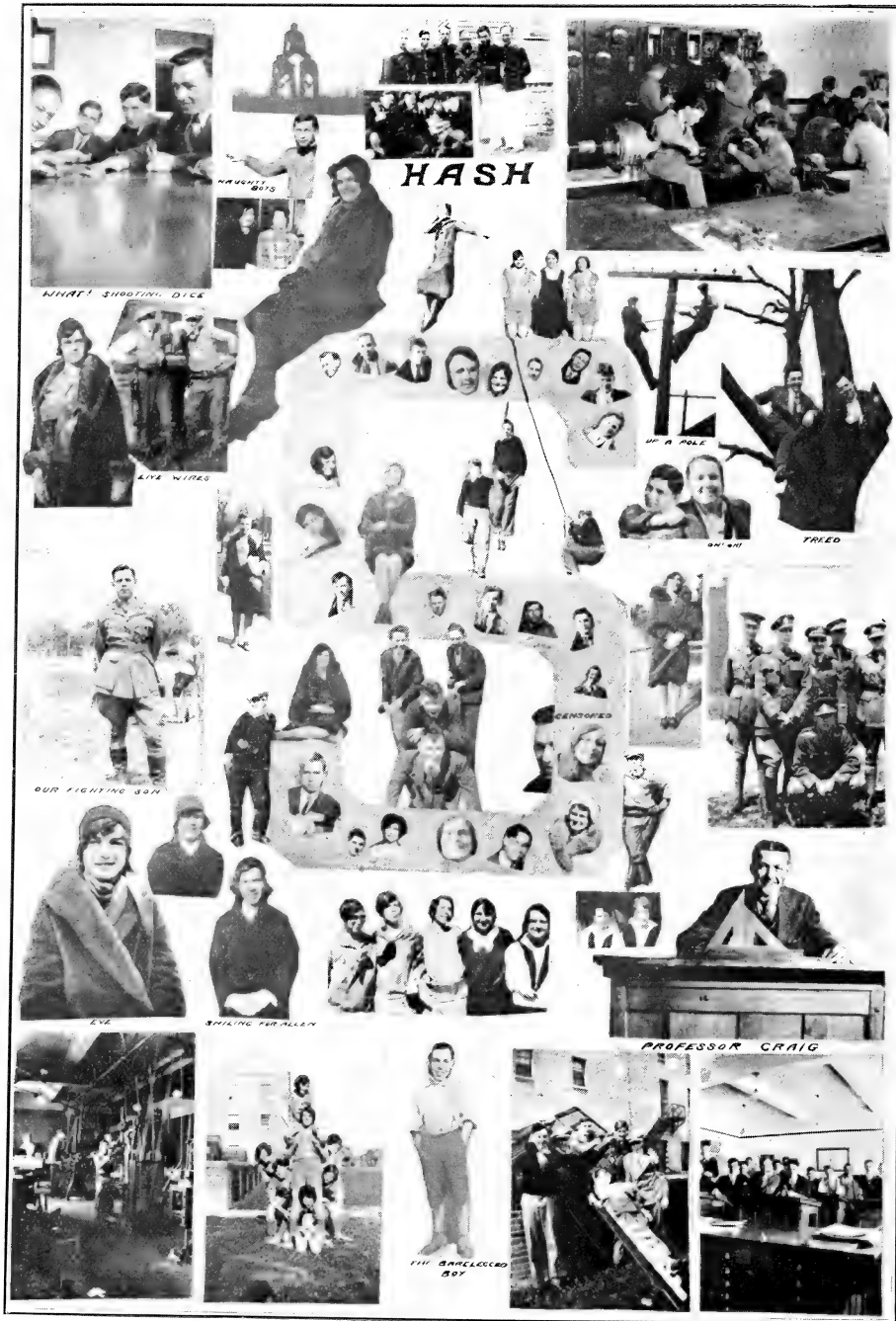
Subscriptions are being taken up to prevent Hussar getting a cold next Field Day.

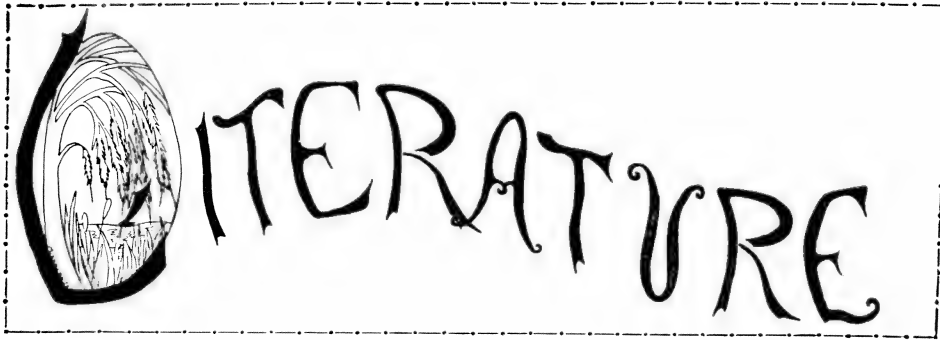
* * * *

Ferguson must be in the dairy business—he even advocates butter for cosmetics and sore throats.

—O—







PETER

By Patsy Collins, V.

This story was awarded the gold medal in the "Collegiate" Short Story Competition.
Judged by Miss Johnston, Miss Gordon and Mr. Payne.

SO long the hours had been from early morning to the first lighted lamp on the hill. There weren't to be stars that night and a wind blew in the harbour water with little breakers against the wooden piers. The boats would be out for many days and desolate were the cold shadows on the water. The little quay shops were closing boarded shutters and fastening bars of rusted iron. Lights peered out from windows along the way. A wagon jolted up the hill and the harsh echo, made softer by the darkness, followed after, until it too was taken into the night—the lesser sound of hurrying feet—and quiet.

It was a town of fisher folk; high up on a hill and down the narrow inlet the fishing boats had come and gone. They were people of the sea and all their days began with the sun and ended with it too—tired men and weary waiting women. It was always there with one house less perhaps than more and the sea tide crept in with ships sometimes that brought a look of wonder to each old face—fastened there a day or two and then went on.

His father had perhaps a little more than other men—a shelf of books, old music and a canvas of the sea—blue water and a ship with tall sails. The child had never learned to tar the nets and pack away the fish for sending. It was perhaps the twisted foot or the look of dreaming on the little face that made the father hire a boy to do those things which children learn to do before the greater task of fishing in the sea.

Even as a child the little fingers moulded wet clay into other little hands of children and a bird, a flower that never grew in all the gardens near the sea and other imagery of his own imagining. And then there was the day when childhood leaves its shadow only, and the boy took these things of clay and dropped them into the sea. The father understood and left the boy to feel alone for the soul that is given when thought awakens in the child.

There was no longer any light, and only a single footstep came quickly down to where a boy was watching the streak of light that cut the water from the farthest pier across the harbour to the quays.

"Come, son, you have sat thus most of the day and now that it is evening I am lonely with you gone and there is yet a meal to cook and you to talk with, before we rest; for the day is heavy to-morrow."

"Father, why does the harbour light point always at me—and when I move it is there too?"

"There is no time for wasting, son. You are cold and it is late."

"Will it always be there if I go out across the sea—finding me a way to go?"

"I don't know, son, I don't know."

It was a night of wind and rain. High waves whipped up the inlet to where a town of people were awake in awful agony of fear and waiting—somewhere three ships were out at sea. The narrow beam of harbour light showed only water seething gray.

The day came and brought a quiet wind to blow across the water and bring a bit of wreckage in—one ship in three. The boy had watched all the day and then at evening came the two ships, slowly. It was not dark to-night, for all the lamps were shining through the windows from the hill. The quay shops were open, and groups of people came and went. In that one day there was a man where yesterday a boy had watched three ships go out to sea.

The days went on and on—long past their hours and Peter grew weary of always watching out across the harbour. There was only left for him there, old books and a canvas of the sea—precious things perhaps, but there was the feeling of fingers in wet clay and the greater desire to go out with the ships—out to the sea. He left this hill town of fisher folk with a feeling of loneliness rather than grief. In his own window was the candle placed there to burn the night through and other specks of light against the sky. Slowly his ship turned out towards the inlet and all the little lamps were mere slurs

in the night. Out, out past the farthest pier and down to the sea—a drift of light moved across the outer edges of the dark, and Peter looked to find the harbour light pointing out the way to go—his way to life.

He had not been long in this city of people—people who were a part of a life he didn't know—people who seemed not to live for the day but for to-morrow—people—people who couldn't care. Early with the sun and Peter was up, for there were things to do before the shop was ready for the day—things that seemed unnecessary in all the dust of years that lay about him, but it gave a bit of silver for his living. Then there was the room with the stove where he could sleep. Fish were cheap and it was no hardship for Peter to live mostly on them, with oftentimes some milk and rice.

With winter months came cold and long days of darkness. There was less to do about the little shop and the heart of Peter asked, "Was there a way of living to meet the coming day?"—and that day a struggle for to-morrow. Dust piled on dust—dust everywhere—and a little broom to whisk away the hours. One speck less, perhaps, but always there were two more. Two specks of dust where there should be only one—two more—one—three—dust.

And then one day there was Spring—it came with rain—short, quick heavy slants of gray. Peter knew that somehow he should leave to-morrow. Out across a new day he watched the sun—through resinous smoke it came soft and thick like running gold, and wisps of night still crowded close to wet stone. Everywhere there was the dull sound of movement in a city of dead people. Peter, too glad, too free to care longer, watched with almost a friendliness the hurry that he could never feel—looked into faces that had no look of human, but rather a mask that showed all the seconds racing into minutes—minutes

that made a day—one day of time—and Peter had wasted it.

Could wind and rain bring too much of gladness—too much the feeling of supreme living—of ecstasy and dreams? What was a dream? Peter had wondered, and now he almost knew. Perhaps life was sleep—long stretches of sleep, and then a quivering curve of light—a chalice to hold a dream, a dream that would be remembered in the dawn—a dream that would have no ending.

To create was to live and all of Peter's being thrilled to an ecstasy of living not known before. And there beyond all seeing things was the urge to finger wet clay—to feel it almost live, and then to know that it was your greater part which could never be real; to feel and do the things a body makes you do. Always was the face of a man puzzled with wondering—"I don't know son, I don't know." But Peter knew and he must take all doubt from those eyes—make them see a world new with morning—

It was easy at first; the head—the face, the lips that almost spoke—but there was only a blank where eyes should be. A leaf had turned red and fallen, and Peter's body had withered too, a tired, broken thing. There was the smell of aut-

umn everywhere and mad hurry made his fingers quiver, and they were weak and soft. Could it be—a dream almost finished but never ended? And still there was a blank where eyes should be.

But Peter didn't know the look of wondering had gone—Peter didn't know there was an answer to his question. Short sleep was almost over—the dream was ending and the dawn was near. With swift movement a phantom ship cleared the horizon and already long shadows of the night were moving away. And then so suddenly came a light of too much brightness—a light that blurred out night, day, the years back to boyhood. It obliterated all time—it filled the earth and sky with nothingness. And with the sea wind, the soul of Peter heard and understood its words.

"Little Peter son, I have carried your light, a harbour light through all your sleeping to bring you to the dawn—to keep a smile of dreaming in your heart for always."

And then at evening two men found a broken thing—a crumpled bit of clay—dust. They gave it gently back to earth again and when they left it was night.

Patsy Collins, V.

SLEEP TERRORS

By Jean Turnbull, 4B.

GREAT black clouds hid the heavens, and shadowed the earth with sombre hues; while the fierce north wind howled gruesomely among the trees. The stillness within the house was so uncanny that I sat huddled up before the fire, very quiet and very terrified. The family had left me at home while they attended a political meeting. It was

my duty to watch the fire and look after the baby. The latter had fallen asleep, hours before, but fickle Morpheus had not yet claimed me.

Suddenly, I found myself wandering aimlessly about on a forsaken moor, over which a terrific storm was raging. The lightning flashed fiercely, illuminating the desolate tract of land, till every bush and tree

and even the nearer blades of grass stood out distinctly. The wind battled with great poplar trees, many of which were uprooted and fell to the ground with deafening crashes. Far behind me, I heard the weird screechings of a windmill, as it groaned and moaned at the onset of the gale.

A broad, greenish blue streak of lightning lighted up the ground before me, for fully three minutes; and during that time, I beheld one of the most amazing spectacles that ever was seen by a human creature. Four ferocious gorillas were carrying towards me a large black cage, such as is put on an elephant's back, for an oriental potentate to ride in. Its black curtains slowly parted, disclosing to view a nasty little Chinese dwarf, whose legs were crossed under him in Turkish fashion. He wore a sulphur-coloured tunic which completely enveloped him, with the exception of his hands and feet. His hair was pulled tightly back from his forehead in a long, serpentine braid; his hands were clasped about a little vessel burning some ill-smelling incense.

On muttering something to the gorillas, one of them stepped out from behind the cage and came toward me. I shall never forget the horrible feeling of alarm I experienced as I noticed the wicked gleam of the beast's eyes and teeth. He caught me up close to his furry, lousy body clenching me so hard that I squealed madly, partly from terror and partly from pain.

The monster thrust me up beside the Chinese dwarf and we started off. So hastily were we borne along that I had no time to consider my appalling situation. The gorillas stopped before a very large, imposing looking mansion, from the windows of which gleamed many lights. The Oriental stepped out pulling me after him. We went up a long flight of stairs; the dwarf going ahead, with the air of having traversed them many times.

My guide rang a bell on the sec-

ond floor and an officious Chinaman opened a door with a flourish. Before me I saw a most beautiful room. The walls and ceiling were of deep cream colour, delicately tinted with mauve; on the walls were some fine old tapestries. The floor was carpeted with thick, soft Persian rugs, which rendered footsteps perfectly noiseless. There were deep, luxurious armchairs bedecked with gay coloured cushions. By the light of a softly shaded lamp, I perceived in one corner a beautiful grand piano; it had gracefully curved legs and was of excellent workmanship. In spite of the elegance of the room, a sinister air prevailed. There was a faint odor of opium and in a far corner I noticed a young gypsy girl, prostrate on a lounge.

The dwarf left me, but presently re-appeared, accompanied by another. This one was similarly attired in a long, sulphur-coloured tunic but he wore immense, heavy, black beads and a monocle. He peered at me through the latter and not being satisfied with my appearance cleaned the monocle and took a second glance. Then he became very angry; he threw the monocle to the floor and turned fiercely upon the first dwarf. They spoke rapidly in English for a time and I gathered from their conversation that they had expected a boy to bring them opium, that night. After the second dwarf had exhausted his supply of English, he began to upbraid his unfortunate companion in Chinese.

When the superior dwarf had gone out, the first began to revenge himself on me, still talking in Chinese. Of course, I don't know what he said, but I don't imagine he flattered me very much. My submission seemed to annoy him still more and he gave full vent to his anger. He came toward me, grabbed me and threw me out a window. I fell for a long time and landed with a start in front of the fireplace back home.

THE MESSAGE OF A DREAM

By Jane Chong, 3C.

IT was night with all the mystical weird charms of the East. Through the open window came a soft breath of jasmine perfumed air.

In the dim, quiet shadows of the Oriental room sat a tiny fragile lady. Her clothes showed that she was of wealthy Chinese birth. Down the front of her black satin coat was a huge gold dragon carefully writhing its way into a patterned position. On her tiny feet were gold brocaded slippers almost doll-like in their frailty. She looked through the open window, down the moon-drenched walk. On either side swayed delicate almond trees, now transformed into a silver network of soft shadows. Past the garden walk she looked with eyes that were dreamy and wistful.

In the corner of the garden was a glassy lake, gently lapping its silver shores. How Toy yearned for her son! She looked toward the little bamboo bridge, to the sacred Pagoda that had seen so many of their happy times. Night with its peacefulness had slowly cast its spell over the quiet home. Slowly Toy's head drooped—she was asleep.

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Off in the corner of the room sat a boy who had straight black hair, an olive glow to his skin; his slightly slanted eyes were dark and expressive. He was a stranger in a

strange land. How far away his native country seemed! China with its glorious past, its tumultuous present, was endless miles away. China—with all its jasmine, its trees, its willow houses, and its memories, was oddly different from this modern country. There they studied with much clatter and noise; used brushes instead of pens; used funny odd characters instead of the western alphabet. But here—how silent and grim it was!

It was a terrible wave of unreality that came over him. How he longed for the little willow house, his winding bridge and a glimpse of the shimmering lake; but more dear than these was his mother, "Ah Mah" as he called her. He must succeed in his studies before he would see his country again. "I can and I will!" he resolved.

It was another day! Dawn with its saffron hues, its rosy clouds had reigned supreme for a brief while, but now had gone. Once again the house of Toy was a busy household. The little lady came down to perform her daily duties with a radiant smile on her face.

Was it not only last night that she had been so near her son? Ah yes! She understood now, and she had determined even as he had done "To bear up."

"I can and I will," she whispered softly.

FLIGHT

By Margaret Doohan, Coll. 1B.

THE road was long, winding and dusty. The traveller was foot-sore and weary. It was nine-thirty at night and he had no place to rest. He had travelled from seven o'clock that morning and no doubt he was tired. He was tired at heart as well for he had gained only six miles during the day.

He was feeling sick and hungry and down-hearted. Joe Phillips, for that was his name, suddenly saw a dark figure turn the bend of the road. Maybe it was a friendly farmer who would take him to his home and give him food and lodging for the night. He called. The figure started and turned. He was disappointed. It was only a tramp.

"Hello there," said Joe.

"Who are you?" was the only answer.

"I am Joe Phillips."

"What are you doing out at this hour?" came the question.

"I have run away from home and I am going to a town named Jacksonville, eight miles away."

"I am heading for the same place. Will you come with me?"

"Gladly" answered Joe, "but first tell me your name."

"You can call me Zack," he informed him.

After this conversation they fell into silence, broken only by the sound of the brook, or the snap of a twig broken under the weight of some wild animal. They travelled thus for a full ten minutes and then Joe informed Zack that he was tired and hungry. Zack immediately found a place to sleep and he and Joe ate some pie that he had in his pocket and which he had stolen late that afternoon. Then they stretched themselves out on the cool grass and fell asleep.

It was late in the morning when Joe awoke and Zack was already about. He had eaten a breakfast of some berries and fruit which he had taken from the orchard of a neighbouring farmer. Luckily he had obtained enough to satisfy both his and Joe's appetites with some left over for the mid-day meal.

After partaking of the luscious fruit, the pair started again on their journey. Nothing out of the ordinary happened during the day and they went to sleep the same as the previous evening.

Next morning, however, it was only six when our young adventurer and his companion awoke. Two hours later they arrived at their destination. Joe went to the store where he knew he could get a job. He was immediately taken in.

A week had passed by and Joe proudly showed his companion a ten dollar bill. It was his first pay and Zack and he were to live on that paltry sum until Zack could get a position.

After Zack had gone out, as Joe thought, he hid his pay under the mattress of his bed. He and Zack had obtained a room and board for six dollars a week and the rest was to go for clothing. Joe did not notice the sharp, wicked eyes of Zack peering at him from behind the curtain on the door.

Next morning when Joe awoke he saw no Zack. He thought perhaps he was sick or had become hungry and had gone to breakfast without him. He immediately dressed and went to get his money. It was gone! Poor Joe! He had no money to pay his rent and Zack had disappeared. He went to work down-hearted.

Another week and we find Joe on the road again. What is that? It is the form of Zack. Zack, whom

Joe had trusted, had taken his money from him and left him to his fate. "What is the use of chasing him," thought Joe, "He might only hurt me."

He kept on his homeward journey. Tuesday night found him a mile from Tunston, his native village. He arrived at his door-step on Wednesday morning at twenty-five minutes after ten. He was faint and weary.

After eating a hearty lunch he told his mother his sad tale. His eyes were red, his cheeks swollen and tear-stained, as he promised her he would never be so unfaithful and foolish again. That night he went to bed, tired but happy, with his mother's kiss on his forehead and her soothing words in his ear. Now we shall leave Joe Phillips to happy dreams.

NATURE'S MUSIC

By G. Ritchie, 3A.

This was judged the best essay in the "Collegiate" Essay Competition.

TO some people, the beginning of Spring is marked by the twenty first of March; others think it is Spring when curling stones are put away and golf clubs brought out; a few even wait until Easter comes with its holidays and new hats, before they will say it is Spring. But Spring really begins when the first birds come back from their far-off winter home. In Spring, every song and verse that Nature composes is sung; the birds sing, the brook sings, the trees sing, the wind sings.

First comes a grackle; his voice is music to all but the farmer, who worries about his corn. Perched on a twig, with bursting buds below him, this songster sends forth his song, a welcome note to Spring. Then a pair of robins come back from their winter down south, and hiding behind a lilac bush, they pour forth their own sweet song.

The birds not alone sing Nature's music; the little brook, bursting the strong ice fetters runs away free and glad, with a rhythmic poetry, all its own. A gurgle, two splashes, two swirls, a gurgle; away it goes, putting heart into the little flowers that pop up along its banks. Then

it slips quietly into a wood. Fearing lest it should spoil the music of the great trees, it runs along with only an occasional sound. The big elm, leader of the forest minstrels, gives a graceful sway and a slow creak, and the trees begin their song, rustling, creaking, slowly swaying. Further on the brook widens, and here the frogs hold their evening concerts, a continuous trill, without a beginning or an ending.

But who would not sing in Spring?

It is June. The sun climbs higher every day. The music has not ceased; the sparrows twitter and cheep, the lark soars high, "dreaming its fond romantic dreams." In the meadows the crickets chirp, and the bobolinks sing the sweetest music of the season. The flowers bloom, the days are warm and deaf must be the person who does not find the summer music. The showers patter on the windows with unrivalled rhythm, and even during a storm Nature does not cease her music. The sonorous peals reverberate in the heaving sea of rolling clouds, like the deep bass tones from a great organ, echoing in a vaulted hall.

The summer has gone; the golden dandelions float away in silver parachutes; the wheat turns yellow, and a hazy atmosphere lies over the fields. The robins sing only in the evenings now, and Nature must find other minstrels. She turns to the forest; ah! she has found a trusty singer. The leaves twirl down, and rush and whistle in the breezes. Yellow leaves scamper across the ground, red ones whirl in the air and dark ones rustle in heaps where they have fallen. The streams have not ceased their poetry and the crickets swell their songs.

Slowly the sun sinks lower, the breezes become colder, and the snow comes. Now, if at any time, Nature must surely search diligently for singers and poets. However, she is not defeated. In the gloomy winter nights the ice cracks and booms as the frost comes down. The wind sings a weird song and hurries the snow along the roads. The faithful crickets have not ended their music. Somewhere near they hide, perhaps under the floors of the houses, but they still keep up their chirping. To keep them company the chickadees still sing in spite of the cold.

And so the poetry and music is continued, till Spring returns, and the white snow melts.

CANADA'S DEBUT

By Hugh Anderson, 3A.

“THE twentieth century is Canada’s.” Sir Wilfred Laurier would be amazed to see to what extent his prophecy is being fulfilled. A new nation has entered world politics. A new trade rival has entered the Commercial Arena.

Canada today stands where England stood in the golden age of Queen Elizabeth; on the threshold of her future as a great nation; a future extending as a golden vision with vistas on either side too numerous to mention.

The memory of hard fought battles against tremendous odds, that of the Plains of Abraham; of Beaver Dams and Lundy’s Lane; of Paschendale and Vimy Ridge; that memory is the firm foundation of Canada’s past. The Canadian wheat-pool; the mineral resources; the manufactures and the exports are the super-structure of prosperity for the future.

In 1897 Canada made her debut as a nation. Sir Wilfred Laurier

startled the world with his orations in the old land and showed the British and French that a new country was fast coming to the forefront. The mingling of Canadian blood on South African fields bespoke the strong patriotic zeal pent-up in a colony. The Great War proved the ability of Canada to pass her examination and enter world politics. When will Canadians forget Paardeburg or Ypres? With battles such as these Canada earned the right to sign the Treaty of Versailles and enter the League of Nations.

Since the cloud of German invasion has passed, Canada has advanced by leaps and bounds. The value of her immense natural resources has been felt all over the world. Canada provides the world with wheat for bread. She supplies nine-tenths of the world’s nickel. Her lumber is used in all countries and the paper made from her wood pulp finds a sale in a large percentage of the newspapers and publishing houses in America and Europe. Apples from

southern Ontario are sold in England and Canadian cattle find a ready sale in the markets of Europe.

Canada has made other noteworthy advances. In 1928 she covered herself with glory at the Olympic games. One of her sons came through for a double victory and did something no other person had done before: won the 100 and 220 yard sprints. Canada now has ambassadors in Washington, Tokyo, and Paris. She controls her own

copyright. Canada is now a nation in the British Commonwealth of Nations and holds a seat on the Council of the League of Nations.

Canada's debut has been one of splendour and brilliance. May the tree that has sprung up and borne first fruits go on bearing a rich harvest. Canada for Canadians! The Canadians for unity! Unity for greater success! With these Canada will be the keystone of the world.

EARLY SCHOOL YEARS

By Elsie E. Ritchie, 4A.

FROM the vantage point of a form in S.C.I., a collegian is able to look back with interest upon the days when he or she first sought to tread the paths of learning.

As I think of my early school years in S.S. No. 6, I realize that "going to school" in our rural districts is fraught with more possibilities of adventure than is attendance at a large city school. In the country there is a mile and a half or a two mile journey to make twice a day. A school-child may traverse that distance in a greater variety of vehicles than a Cook's tourist might use on a world tour. Of course we usually started out on "Shank's Pony", but if we were a little tardy in setting out, then it would be necessary to "walk one telephone pole and run two". However, our road was well travelled, and often a buggy would come along and we gratefully accepted any proffered ride. If the driver were not thoughtful enough to suggest a ride we would politely request one. It did not make any difference to us whether the buggy was drawn by a would-be-race-horse or an old nag

that would occasionally stop to view the scenery or enjoy an extra breakfast from the grass along the roadside. In winter-time a cutter could hold twenty-one; this I have proved not by mathematical permutation and combination, but by experience. No means of locomotion was too slow or too quick. We have tested them all, from a log hauled along on a sleigh to a "Wolsey" driven by a kindly General back from the War.

What a long journey we set out upon when we started to school. Few, if any of us would think of starting to walk to Vancouver, but when, as little tots of five or six, we set out to walk the mile and a half to school, we began a journey that in the six years or so of our public school life, totalled about three thousand miles. And what an adventurous journey! One part of our road was skirted on either side by bush. During our first days at school the older pupils delighted in telling us about the bears and wolves that lurked in the "forest". That was true enough in the days of their grandfathers, but our companions omitted to say that they were

telling us tales of fifty years ago. As we smaller pupils were dismissed from school an hour before the older ones, we approached this bush very timidly, afraid lest some wild animal might pounce out from its shadows. No explorer of the polar regions could have felt more heroic than we did, as we daily traversed the road from school.

Of course, within the four walls the curriculum is almost the same in country as in city, for Entrance examinations are ubiquitous throughout Ontario. However, the rural pupil has some advantages even in the class-room. In a one-roomed school the little beginners in the primer class are a source of much amusement (concealed though it must often be) to the older pupils. I remember one Easter our young

school-master was confronted by a class of sixteen beginners. As they stood in a semi-circle before the blackboard, and the master's back was turned to them for a moment, one small, fair, curly-haired boy turned and kissed the little girl next to him. Unfortunately she did not appreciate his friendly overtures and burst out crying, but the rest of the scholars were convulsed with laughter. The master quickly turned at the sound of the smack and asked the small boy what he had done. The innocent reply came, "Please, I thought Rosie looked lonely, and I kissed her." The master found it impossible to rebuke him.

Only too soon the early school years slip away. The Entrance examinations come in country as in the city and early school days become one of childhood's memories.

REALMS OF GOLD

By Margaret C. Smith, 4B.

"**M**UCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold.
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen."

We, too, can say the same with Keats when we travel in the glorious world of books, "the realms of gold". What splendours and pleasures await us there. The joy of friendship with books is an ever-increasing delight.

The great thoughts of the world are treasured there. Men have put into books their whole souls, their highest hopes. This great inheritance has been passed down from generation to generation by "silent friends"—books. These matchless thoughts expressed in beautiful words, remain as guides with us today. As Byron says:

"A small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought,
produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps
millions think."

Every person wants to find out more and more about the world we live in—more about the things around us—and so we turn to our "silent friends". As we travel through the kingdom of literature there are many provinces into which we may enter—History—Travel—Poetry—Prose.

The history of the world is stored up in books. We can journey back across the ages to the dim past of Babylon and the East, to the glories of ancient Greece and Rome. Then we are taken down through the centuries with tales of heroic men and women—of great deeds—of marvellous discoveries—the treas-

ures of the past. We can travel into strange lands, see wonderful sights, by simply reading a book.

"There is no frigate like a book to bear us lands away."

Yes, we may travel far in the "realms of gold". We may live in the terror of the French Revolution with Dumas; we may talk and laugh with Dickens' interesting shabby folk; we may answer the call of adventure with Stevenson to the Southern Seas; we may be with the crowd cheering on some Grecian athlete to victory; we may chuckle over Barrie; we may delight in the romance of Scottish history with Scott. Books offer to us a world of delight.

As we glance through the "realms of gold," we turn to poetry. "Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world." It finds the best expression for the best inspirations of men.

Books live on. They have delighted men for centuries with the thought and feeling in them. If they had not, they would already have been relics of the past. An author or poet can laugh at a great soldier, like Alexander, or Caesar, or Napoleon,—they perish—but he lives on in his books.

Books! what great friends they are—friends in joy or sorrow—friends in trouble or peace. James Clarke expressed a true appreciation for books when he said, "When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truth from heaven; I give eternal blessings for this gift, and thank God for books."

LIFE IN ATHENS

By Isabelle English, 4A.

LIFE in ancient Athens was, on the whole, a very happy and pleasant experience. There they lived in homes beautifully built for the most part, in cities well-planned and clean. If wealth was abundant, life was much more pleasant, but a man never became arrogant nor proud of his money.

Zellas, with whom we are concerned, lies sleeping on his couch. It is made of bronze and the bolster is inlaid with ivory. Suddenly he awakes and yawns, rubbing his eyes, then his face loses its bored expression and he remembers that today is that long-looked for day. He springs from his bed and his old governess comes hurrying up to dress him. He is dressed on this

important occasion in a white tunic, embroidered with jewels and bright colours. Small, neat shoes are put on his feet. True Athenian gentlemen pride themselves on the fit of their shoes.

He goes slowly down to the next floor, accompanied by his governess, to the family room. Here is his mother, Dasilinna, and she weeps to think of the fact that her beloved little son has left his happy childhood days behind him. Last evening he dedicated his top and ball and wagon to the family gods, for today he is seven, and must, if the proper family standards are kept up, go to school. This is not a compulsory thing in Athens, but really necessary in order to become a citizen of any rank.

As Zellas stands there in the room, feeling very forlorn, his mother and the old governess weeping, his father comes into the room and behind him an old slave. "This, my son, is Lymachus, he will be your pedagogus and will look after you in every way from now on."

The slave bows to his new charge and the introduction is complete.

The time has arrived, he bids his mother good-bye and holding his father's hand in a trusting attitude the two go forth followed by Lymachus carrying Zellas' lyre and writing tablets. On the way to school they pass through the public market place. Many eyes look their way for they recognize Dasillinus and his small son; many are the admiring eyes cast after the man as he hurries along, for he is today dressed very beautifully in tunic and mantle neatly draped, with sandals bound on his feet, and a shapely stick in his hand. The whole square is lined with little stalls at which different kinds of merchandise are sold.

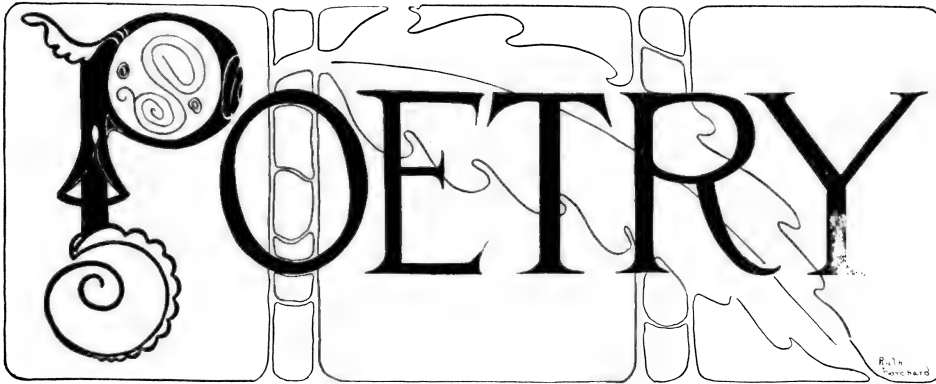
There will be a woman selling plaited garlands, another bread or figs, or even vegetables. A voice will cry out "Buy green cheese," "Buy cakes," and the whole place resounds with similar cries. The fishmonger's stall is crowded, for Athenians love fresh fish. All these things come under Zellas' scrutiny and his feet dance as he passes the music stall and his eyes light with curiosity and wonder at some of the sights he sees. But they must not spend too much time in the market

for school must be reached.

Here is the school and Zellas is led before the master who happens to be the same man who taught Dasillinus and he is very grateful to be thus honoured. Little Zellas is welcomed into a class of more than sixty boys of practically his own age. Each boy is accompanied by his pedagogus who sits at the back of the room while they repeat their lessons. Zellas is just there when recess comes. It is the familiar recess of our day, and during it, as Zellas tells his mother later in the day, "We played all kinds of games, tug of war and blind man's buff." Into school again they all march. The old chant goes on—ab, ab, abc endlessly. Boy after boy repeats these, then Zellas is called upon. He starts off bravely—a,b,c,d,e, and is able to carry through to the end. Before he realizes it, school is ended for today. Lymachus is ready and together the two make their way home.

Little Zellas reaches home and as he tells his parents of his first experiences with the world, he swells with pride as he recounts the words of praise he had from the master's lips when he played the lyre for him. "You are surely Dasillinus' son, my boy," said the old man. The mother beams with pride as she kisses her tiny son's forehead.

Tomorrow he will go again, and the next day. When he has grown to manhood he will be a man able to read; to write on wax tablets; to play the songs of Homer and to take his father's place in Athens.



SPRING

Best Poem in the "Collegiate" Competition.

*The air is clear, the sky is blue,
And all about is found the hue
Of Spring; while underneath our feet
The grass comes creeping soft and sweet;
Upon the lake the waves repeat
'Tis Spring; 'Tis Spring.*

*Back from the south the birds have come,
Back to their northern summer home
Their new-made nests on hill and dale
Again on high they sail
To welcome spring—they never fail.
'Tis Spring; 'Tis Spring.*

*The sleepy ferns now leave their beds,
And blue-eyed violets raise their heads,
The branches of the trees are green,
And in the woods the flowers are seen,
Hepaticas fit for a Queen.
'Tis Spring; 'Tis Spring.*

*A flaming flush is in the sky,
The daylight hours are fleeting by,
As now the lark comes home to rest;
And growing tints that I love best
Are seen away off in the West.
'Tis Spring; 'Tis Spring.*

Orville Hossie, 3A

—O—

THE BROOK

*Autumn has come in the mountain-land,
The crimson Maple waves its hand,
But there now lacks most of the noisy cheer,
For the birds, who have sung to us all the year,
Have flown away.*

*The squirrel rushes from tree to tree,
Storing his food for the winter is he,
But the little brook, with its happy song,
Is joyously singing and flowing along
Its merry way.*

*It sings so sweetly, one never would dream
That soon this same little joyous stream
Will be sealed away in a prison cold,
Away from the heat of the sun's bright gold
And the light of day.*

*Yet all the winter, under the snow,
Merrily down the hill 'twill go,
And, listening carefully, you may hear
That still 'tis singing its song of cheer
Along the way.*

Helen Raymer, 3A.

BIRDS OF THE AIR

*Birds of the air, how I envy you,
As you dart through hazy blue,
When o'er the trees you are seen to fly,
You're so far-away and yet so nigh.*

*Where do you go in the winter time?
And what do you do, oh friends of mine?
What strange sights do your eyes behold?
In some far southern country so old.*

*If only I with you could go
O'er wave and land on that long flight,
My heart would beat with pure delight,
To see from high the sights below.*

*Oh how I long to be a bird, so free,
From the care and toil that worries me,
How much I'd give if only I
Across the blue with thee could fly.*

M. Smith.

MOON NYMPHS

*'Twas twelve o'clock one summer night,
A softness hung upon the air,
The moon above was shining bright
And music floated down from there.*

*Larger in size the crescent grew
And suddenly from out the side
With a rustle and then a creak or two
A hinged door swung open wide.*

*A host of fairy nymphs so gay
Flung out a ladder of silken rope,
Which glided, shining in the ray
Of moonbeams, to a gentle slope.*

*As soon as it had touched the ground,
The fairies tiptoed down in glee,
And joining hands they danced around,
Forgetting themselves in their ecstasy.*

*Each nymph had hair of golden hue,
A rosy mouth and red cheeks glowing,
Their starry eyes were of deepest blue,
And their fluttering gowns in the light breezes blowing.*

*Over the mosses velvet and green,
Under the trees, their leafy boughs spread,
The nymphs danced after their fairy queen
And lightly laughed at the moon o'er head.*

*The flowers then all awoke to hear
Their happy voices sweetly singing,
The birds flew closer to be near
The source from whence came echoes ringing.*

*But the enchanted hour flew quickly by,
For after does happiness end too soon,
And fading away up into the sky,
The door closed on the Nymphs of the Moon.*

Aileen Gravelle. 3A.

BUTTERFLY

*See the lovely butterfly
Way up in the sky
You wouldn't think its tiny wings
Could carry it so high.*

*Who would hurt the precious thing
That makes the world so bright
It adds a touch of color here
Till it goes to bed at night.*

*And early in the morning
This lovely thing will rise
And then we shall see it soaring
High in the azure skies.*

Helen Brown, Com. II.

DREAMS

*At night by the fireside,
I sit and dream
Of my castles in Spain,
And this is my theme;*

*To be a writer,
To win great fame,
And have men praise
The works of my name.*

*My castles then change,
But still dreaming on,
I wish to become
A chanter of song.*

*Till out of my reverie,
I suddenly awaken
To find that my homework
Is not undertaken.*

*My castles have fallen;
Once more I return
To the duties of earth,
To study and learn.*

Marion Westfall, Coll. HB

CASTLES IN SPAIN

*"Many Castles in Spain,
Have I built, but in vain
For I find (and oft to my sorrow,
I build them to-day
But they shake and sway
And are gone ere the dawn of To-morrow.*

*Many bubbles in air
Have I blown so fair,
But I find (and its ever this way)
They drift in the breeze
Up into the trees
And are gone in a sputter of spray.*

*Many dreams so dear
Have I dreamed—yet in fear
For I found (and its the same old thing)
For like Castles in Spain
And Bubbles they wave
And are gone ere the robin will sing"*

Contributor unknown.

EVENING

*Now to rest the sun is sinking
Down behind yon mountain bold,
Many clouds with crimson tinging,
Others bordering with gold.*

*From the lighthouse faintly beaming
Is an ever brighter light,
Ships both large and small e'er guiding
Safely on their course by night.*

*From some picnic feast returning
Laughing comes a youthful band
Joyously a chorus singing
As their boat approaches land.*

*Nighthawks everywhere are swooping,
Rocks and fields in stillness lie,
Whippoorwill is oft repeating
From the wood his mournful cry.*

*Shades of twilight now are creeping
Gently softly over all
From the village nor is singing
Sweet and clear the vesper call.*

*Now the summer day is ending
Prayers for its return are vain
Do we wish as we see it dying
That it would be lived again?*

M. P. V., V.

STORM

*Sea gulls are shoreward flying,
Before the rising storm,
We hear their plaintive crying,
On fitful breezes borne.*

*Each dark wave with its white crest,
Leaps high against the rocks;
And on the ocean's heaving breast,
A fleet is tempest-tossed.*

*The sun is dimmed by the stormy gloom,
And a moaning fills the air,
Like a banshee wailing a vessel's doom,
Ere it strikes the rocky shore.*

M. Hargrove. 3A.

ONE NIGHT AS I LAY HALF SLEEPING

(With apologies to Alfred Noyes)

*One night as I lay half-sleeping, there came a sound to my ears,
As of the roaring ocean, recalling my former fears,
For the splashes of rain were its crashes and the groan of the gale its roar
And the mighty waves were crashing—crashing—crashing
And the mighty waves were crashing upon the craggy shores.*

*Even yet on a windy night, when the wind roars through the trees,
I live again in that lovely hut, down by the noisy seas,
And again I fear, with a greater fear than I did in the days before,
And the roar of the waves a-pounding—pounding—pounding
The roar of the waves a-pounding, pounding the craggy shore.*

Nora Logan. 4A.

SUNSET

*Drifting down the river St. Clair,
On a calm and silent eve,
Across the clear blue water,
One sees the sunlight leave.*

*The bluish clouds are silver lined,
Their edges gilded are,
Like jewels upon a kingly crown
Or pieces of gold ore.*

*The lapping waters are tinged with red,
Which ripple, and sparkle and glow,
Then silently they steal to darker hue,
Which tells us the sun's below.*

Roy Cassin.

HOAR FROST

*In the quiet of the night
In the silver-toned moonlight
On every dewy leaf is forming
From Fairy's breath by early morning
Millions of brilliant sparkling jewels
Diamonds and rubies in limpid pools.*

Orville Hossie. 3A.

LILAC TIME

*Youth and love and the joy of life,
They walk with me these three,
And I know that they will make the way,
A sunlit path for me.
And so I'll gather lilacs,
And trouble shall not stay me,
And death itself at the journey's end
Will smile and not dismay me.*

Norman Bolton. Com. 1.

A SPRING SHOWER

*Pink buds seem to open wide
With the gentle touch of rain,
The leaves—aware of Nature's call—
Are bursting over hill and plain.*

*The rain is falling softer now,
The birds are singing clear,
Telling all the world it is
The spring-time of the year.*

Margaret Timpson, Com. II.

—O—

THE SOUTH-SEA ISLAND

*A scented breeze, wafted o'er the trees,
An island framed with mist,
A dark green sea, that seemed to be
By dancing moonbeams kissed.*

*Along the shore as oft before,
The wavelets rippled in,
And with a moan, besprinkled foam
Upon the rocks so grim.*

*The moon so high lit up the sky,
As did the twinkling stars
And they did show on seas below
In iridescent bars.*

*And dainty flowers, in leafy bowers
Perfumed the air around,
While mosses green, did carpets seem
For ferns upon the ground.*

*No one knows what all grows
On islands by the sea,
For mystery shrouds and memory crowds,
On till infinity.*

Aileen Gravelle, Coll. 3A.

—O—

NECESSE ERIT

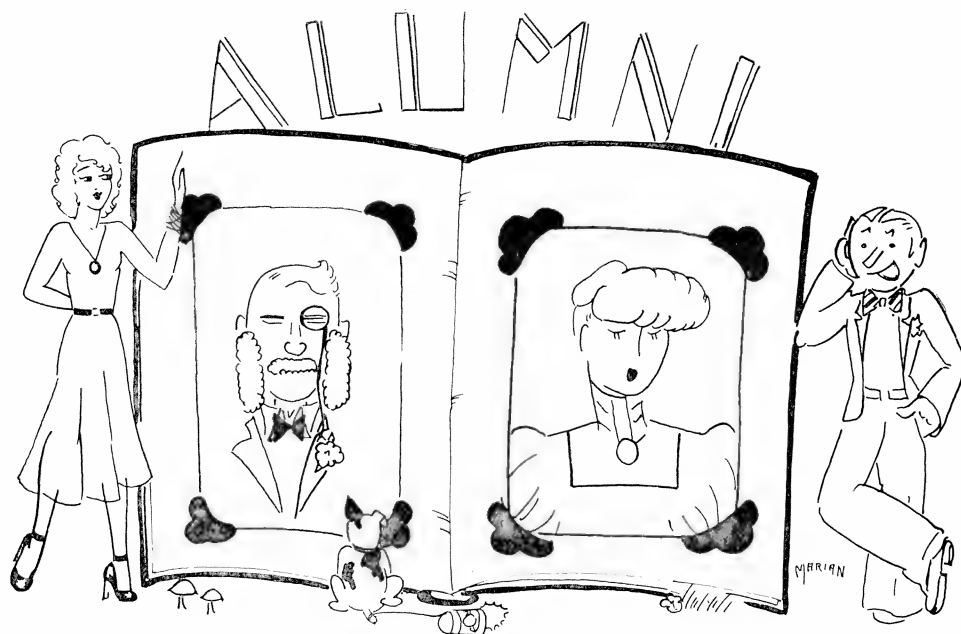
*We're not as old as Balliol,
Nor yet as old as Eton,
But since our rugby first began
We've never yet been beaten—
Except this year.*

*From us the noble cup
To old St. Thomas wafted up
Now brings those Wossa victors fame.
Oh, well! They played a wondrous game
That last sad day.*

*Stout Carter ran the pigskin up,
To ancient Sarnia's sacred goal,
And, on, pushed on, until at last,
Our undefiled goal line passed,
He won the game.*

*Ye of St. Thomas, now beware,
And fondle well that famous chalice,
And while we bear you no malice
We mean to get it back next year,
And how!*

—O—



Strictly speaking, the alumni are not the students who merely left school but those who graduated. The students of the school however, are interested to know not only what the graduates are doing but also those who were forced to leave, so in our alumni we must include both classes. In doing such it is only proper to make a marked distinction between those who graduated and those who did not complete their course. Thus the Alumni section for the "Collegiate" of 1930 is divided into different sections.

As has been the custom in the past we have two letters for this department of the magazine; one from a former graduate and one from a recent one. We were very fortunate to find a man such as Mr. Laurie Telfer of Port Huron, Mich., to represent the former students. Mr. Telfer graduated from the old Collegiate in 1910. He then entered the University of Michigan to study law. After successfully completing his course at this university he began practising law in Port Huron. Within a short time he was made assistant prosecuting attorney of that city and for the last few years has been prosecuting attorney. We wish Mr. Telfer all success in the years to follow and extend to him an invitation to visit our school at any time.

Law Office
LAURIE O. TELFER
Port Huron, Mich.

April 7, 1930.

Dear S.C.I. Students:

Twenty years ago this year, when I graduated from the S.C.I., we did not have the publication "The Collegiate", which, by your endeavors, has developed into such a splendid

year book; nor did we have the beautiful building which has been yours during your period of study; and yet, the absence thereof, did not in any way diminish that love for the school, and that school spirit, each of which is so essential to the student. I only wish that, as the years go by, you will always have a love for your school and a pride in its accomplishments, to such an extent, that you will never knowingly

do an act which will detract from the honor of your school.

I almost feel that I am getting old, when I realize that Mr. Dent is the only member of the faculty who was on the staff when I was a student and yet, a recent photograph of him, reveals that he is younger today than he was at that time, due to the present absence of the Van-Dyke beard with which all of us who struggled with chemistry and physics in 1910, were so familiar. Needless to say what we learned under him, has since served us well on many an occasion. I cannot pass without a word about our beloved "D.M." who passed on to such a just reward last year—in my profession, I can safely say that his teaching, particularly of Latin, has been of constant service.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago in Ontario, the thought was that a university education was only possible for a so-called rich man's child; today, that thought, I am sure has entirely vanished. Institutions of learning have grown steadily in numbers in the past twenty years, and numerically the students have likewise grown. It is the exceptional student today who does not get a university training; therefore, university training is a practical necessity. Without it you will be handicapped and competition in professions and in business nowadays is so keen that most of us cannot afford to have any more handicaps than those with which we are already endowed. Hence, plan now on obtaining a university education whether or not you have ever planned so before. Do not let a lack of finances stop you. In the bulk of the great universities in America, both in Canada and in the United States, at least half of the students are self-supporting. I do not suggest that you plan on working while you are at a university. Very few professional colleges desire students to earn their money while in college because you will be kept so busy with your college school work, that

you will need all your spare time for necessary recreation, instead of outside work to support yourself. But instead, if necessary, earn your money for your education in your vacation periods, **and it can be readily accomplished.**

Because of the opportunity afforded thereby to meet people and to learn the proper way to do so, "selling"—such as house to house work, demonstrating, and other varieties thereof, are heartily endorsed; "selling" provides not only a fine method of earning money but also provides fresh air, plenty of exercise and good business training.

Those who are graduating this year are entering into the more serious phases of their lives, at a time when opportunities are greater than at any time in the past; Canada today is on the verge of a tremendous further development; the growth of the United States, where I have spent most of my life since graduation from the Collegiate, has been so rapid that to mention it, is superfluous. Possibly the professions today, in most of the provinces of the Dominion, are fairly crowded and yet, I do not seriously consider that professions can ever be over-crowded because there is always room for one more, if such one has the will to survive by hard work. However, as compared to the opportunities of twenty years ago, there are so many additional avocations and professions, such as the fields of aviation and radio, the tremendous development in the electrical world and the tremendous growth in the insurance field, that I can only say to each of you who work hard: success must crown your efforts.

A reasonable ambition for each of you is to be successful—and to be successful, you must obtain a reasonable share of this world's goods; begin now, to learn to save money because money gives you confidence and power to accomplish things in your business or profession; yet the making of a lot of money, is not a necessary element of success; in

any event keep an untarnished record—the thought which I desire most to convey to you is that you should always keep your character as unsullied as undoubtedly it is at the present time. Keep up your interest in sports and play them whenever possible; in nine years at the Bar, six years and a half of which has been spent in the prosecution of criminal offenders, I am very positive that the percentage of athletes or at least of persons engaged in some form of athletics, who become criminals, is practically negligible; Sports are one of the greatest deterrents of crime. Always go straight in whatever business or profession you enter. Major crimes have so increased in the past decade, not only in the United States but also in Canada, (where fortunately the increase has been much less) that it behooves each of us who believes in the present form of civilization and those principles for which our Anglo-Saxon forefathers lived and died, to see to it that respect for law from everyone in our country be upheld; without obedience to law, our governments must perish, which is unthinkable; hence, as you go forth from the S.C.I., always bear in mind that obedience to law is an absolute essential to your own well-being and safety as well as to the well-being and safety of your country.

Your conduct will reflect the standard of your school and if you go on to any of the universities, and I hope that you will, your conduct there, and your conduct when you graduate therefrom, will reflect the standard of your school; each of you thereby is constantly writing your own letter of recommendation; while environment and heredity undoubtedly contribute in many ways to your future, the bulk of the future depends upon yourself; there are some things you cannot buy, such as honesty, loyalty, unselfishness, friends, love and many other qualities, and these are the things which develop your character; to

each of you, is given the privilege of choosing your own life and what you will make of it and in whatever line of endeavor you eventually land, and wherever you eventually locate, your force in the community will be for good or for evil, just so far as you desire it to be and dependent largely upon your own will and conduct.

I fear you may think I am “Sermonizing”—which is farthest from my thoughts; as one grows older, he sees so many places in life, where he might have done differently, that it behooves us all to stop once in a while and check up on where we are going. You do not realize how fortunate you are in having had the opportunity to attend a first class institution such as the S.C.I. while you are attending it; ten or twenty years from now, you will realize it. If a glimpse of what each of you will be doing fifteen years from now could be given you, I wonder if you would be satisfied; to make sure that you will be, and that you will not have any regrets, always work as hard as you can, because the sum total of success whether in worldly goods or in other merits, is dependent upon work and obedience not only to law but to your religious faith. When I graduated from the University of Michigan, Dr. Burton, a tremendous man of energy who died while yet a young man, and who before his death became president of said university, said among other things: “Attainment is the death of ambition.”; no truer words were ever spoken so I trust that we will all live and strive to the end that we may yet accomplish something worth while; and do not let defeat whip you; one of the best things which can happen to anyone is to get a first class “beating” now and again whether it is in a sport or one’s business and the reaction should be healthy, if one is the optimist he should be because you cannot always be a winner and yet, in defeat, a football team or an individual can be tremendous and ob-

tain a tremendous success; I do not mean, that one should be a "good loser" in the thought that one should not mind losing; I don't believe that any of you or any other normal person likes to lose—at least I have never met one yet who did—but to be a "good loser" if defeated, by taking stock of yourself, to know why you met defeat, so that the next time the same opposition arises, you can overcome it.

And as you go further into the world of business, it will be driven into your very being that the greatest joy in the world is a work well done. I can remember in my own life, when work did not appeal to me any more than it did to any normal boy; today there is nothing I dread more, than to be idle. I hope that each of you will eventually land into a business or profession which you grow to love—if you do, and work hard in it, you will become so engrossed in it, that you will forget your troubles every day that you are busily engaged and at the end of the day, you may be physically tired, but you will be mentally refreshed with the thought that you have accomplished something by hard work, and hard work is the measure of success for each of you, not only for yourself individually, but for your community, your province and your country.

Finally, let me say that you should not be too provincial, cynical or jealous in your thoughts of your neighbors and friends. If you have not already done so, you will eventually realize that nearly everyone else is too busy trying to make a living himself or herself to interfere

with you providing you are honest and decent—and that we must assume for you always. Frequently you will hear ridiculous claims made not only about your neighbors and friends but about your communities and your country; some of these claims are made by self-seeking politicians—some by trouble makers and other Bolsheviks; always bear in mind that whoever makes such rash statements, must have some peculiar selfish reason for so doing and wherever you are, do all within your power to stifle such statements as they lead to trouble.

Before long, some association of the alumni of the S.C.I. should be formed. Such an association has been proven to be of great benefit both to the students, the alumni, and the institution, in other schools and I trust that something of such nature will soon be a part of the S.C.I. I am sure it would be of vast benefit. This is a work, which the older students of your school, together with the younger graduates, can readily accomplish by some co-operative work, I believe, and it would be mutually beneficial undoubtedly.

In closing, let me express my sincere appreciation of the privilege of saying these few words to you—I wish you all the best of success not only for yourselves but for our dear old school—keep a stiff upper lip and a good square jaw to the world, regardless of what happens, and the honor and success of our school and yourselves will continue to increase with the passing years.

Sincerely yours,

Laurie O. Telfer

L.L.B. '20 Michigan.

No introduction is necessary to Norman Paterson, graduate of '29, who kindly consented to write a letter on behalf of the recent graduates.

S.P.S., Toronto, March 17, 1930.
Dear Collegiate:

The privilege of writing for the "Collegiate" again brings back a host of memories, which, I must

confess, have been forced into the background of my mind during the past year. It is surprising, and unfortunately so, how one loses track of events after a year of absence.

New friends, new activities, and the new sensation of self-responsibility certainly have their effect. But in spite of these, there are times when one delights to hearken back and recall the years spent in the old school. It really takes a year of absence to bring home the fact that the Sarnia Collegiate "isn't such a bad old place after all".

After all, school life is just what you make it yourself. You don't have to be a member of the rugby team or one of the magazine staff to really play a part in the activities of the school. Many fail to realize that an enthusiastic supporter is helping the cause as well as the participator. But it seems that only a small percentage are willing to be the supporters. The rest migrate into a clique whose purpose seems to be to "rap rather than boost". These individuals do not enjoy high school life. Their everlasting wail throughout the five years is: "We never get a chance." Right now, let me say that every student starts in the first year with equal standing. It is the one who is willing to shoulder some responsibility and take a little interest in school activities, that forges ahead.

I suppose if I were to repeat any of the time-worn paternal comments that have been repeated in this col-

umn year after year, my words would immediately give rise to that slang expression—"The same old line." Nevertheless, I wish I had seriously considered some of the fatherly advice given by graduates in previous years. The words of that "same old line" consisted of "Learn to work for yourself." It takes only a week of university to bring home the truth of that statement. Consequently, if I may be permitted to repeat that statement, and by chance one person may take it to heart, this letter has been a success; otherwise, the only place worthy of it is the waste basket.

One year at college has been indeed a wonderful experience. Unfortunately, I have failed to see any indication of college life as depicted by George Lewis in the "Collegians". I must say I was disappointed (sarcasm). My only advice to anyone considering coming to Toronto, is that the best faculty on the campus is the one and only S.P.S. Many people will oppose this statement, but they are, probably, only Arts students who don't know any better.

With best wishes for the success of the "Collegiate",

Yours very truly,

Norman J. Paterson.

With the commencement of each new school year some two hundred freshies enter into the Sarnia Collegiate to fill the seats that Jim Jones and Sam Smith used to sit in. There are, of course, new teachers on the staff each year to fill in the vacancies. This year is no exception.

To The Teachers!

Those of us who are back for our second year or more often think with fond remembrances of the five members of last year's staff who have severed their connections with our school. They did so, however, as they thought, for their own good. So to those teachers we'll say—

"Here's health and wealth and happiness."

MR. DURNFORD

Is manager of the new electrical store of McPhillips, Ltd.

MR. KEENE

Accepted an opening on the staff of the Western Technical School, Toronto.

MR. RUSS

Is with the Canadian General Electric Co. of Peterborough.

MR. ALDERSON

Has joined the staff of the Central High School of Commerce, Toronto, Ont.

MR. KEEBER

Is in charge of the sporting goods department of the Robert Simpson Co., Toronto.

TO HONOUR GRADUATES

June is often spoken of as "the month of brides". However, it should also be thought of as the month of graduation. In the latter respect, June of 1929 was one of the most outstanding months our school has yet seen. It may not have been the largest graduating class, but it is indisputable when we say that it was one of the most successful.

Four members of the class did honour to the school by winning six scholarships.

When considering the graduating class of last year there is a factor that stands out, beckoning for our attention. There were twelve boys in this class who either played senior rugby or were affiliated with the team. Others were either on the basketball team, rifle team, hockey team, or some other activity. Of the twelve rugby players in their final year, twelve of them were successful, while one of them was awarded two scholarships. They set an example for us to follow. We cannot allow our activities to dwindle away, but at the same time, we must keep our academic standing. The graduates of '29 did it; so must the graduating classes of '30, and all succeeding years.

FLORENCE MARION BROWN

It is not luck or chance or pull or influence—it is ability."

Arts—Western University, London.

HELEN CHRISTIE BROWN

"Quick to learn and wise to know."

Household Science—University College, Toronto.

MARION E. BROWN

"She's gone, like Alexander
To spread her conquests farther."

Moderns—McMaster, Toronto.

CHARLES ERNEST BRUSH

"He loves music, also beauty;
The night for love, the day for duty."

Arts—U. of M.

RACHEL E. BUCHAN

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Moderns—Trinity College, Toronto.

BESSIE MARION CHOWEN

"When she will she will you may depend on't.

When she won't she won't and that's and end of it."

At Home.

ROBERT JOHN BOYD CHRISTIE

"To live long, it is necessary to live slowly."

Test House—Imperial Oil.

WILLIAM TRAVIS CHURCHILL

"The flower of meekness on a stem of grace."

Medicine—Queens.

KENNETH JAMES FRASER

"For I will eat and drink and play,
Until its time to hit the hay."

Business and Commerce—Western.

We regret that Ken has been forced to remain home since Christmas because of illness.

HERBERT HENRY M. HALLIDAY
 "To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new."
 Chemical Engineering—Ann Arbor.

AUDREY E. HAMMETT
 "I could love thee, Work, so much,
 Loved I not Pleasure more."
 Classics—University College, Toronto.

MARGARET ELIZABETH HUGHES
 "So unaffected and so natural."
 Arts—Western University, London.

GARNETT THOMAS HUSSER
 "We should all choose that brave career in which we can do best and most for mankind."
 Ministry—Victoria.

WILLIAM EDWARD JONES
 "A little love now and then is appreciated by the best of men."
 Office of Sarnia Fence Co.

EDWARD HUGH LOGAN
 "Innocence is the balm of virtue, but who says that I'm innocent."
 Office of Muellers.

MARY DOROTHY MacINTYRE
 "Come and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe."
 Kindergarten Primary—Toronto Normal.

DONALD WALKER McGIBBON
 "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew."
 Commerce and Finance—Victoria Col.

ROWLEY FREDERICK McKAY
 "Broad of shoulders, broad of mind,
 The world could use more of his kind."
 Test House—Imperial Oil, Limited.

ROBERT LYLE McKAY
 "Once a friend, always a friend."
 Commerce Class—Western University.

PAULINE EMILY MILLS
 "Came the dawn."
 Modern History—Victoria College, Toronto.

RALPH SCOTT MISNER
 "And he learned about women from her (and her, and her—to the nth degree.)"
 Special Arts Course—Western.

KENNETH BERNARD MYERS
 "For what is knowledge compared to love."
 Business and Finance—U. of D.

GORDON GEORGE PATERSON
 "A sailor boy was he (with a girl in every port.)"
 Chemistry—Western.

NORMAN JOHNSTONE PATERSON
 "From his youth upwards he had felt himself marked out for a high destiny."
 Chem. Engineering—Toronto University.

KENNETH BENSON PORTER
 "I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine."
 Office Clerk—Mueller Mfg. Co.

NORMAN AINSLEY REID
 "To make all men your friends is an arduous task, 'tis enough to have no enemies."
 Test House—Imperial Oil.

DAISY L. RICHARDS
 "Like unto her voice—sweet, clear and true."
 MacDonald Hall, Guelph.

AUGORA ISABELLE ROLLINS
 "She has two eyes so soft and brown—take care!"
 MacDonald Hall, Guelph.

FREDERICK GEORGE SAMIS
 "Yet a little rest, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."
 Test House—Imperial Oil.

JOHN FREDERICK STUBBS
 "I'm a little prairie flower,
 Growing wilder every hour."
 Mech. Engineering—University of Toronto.

WILLIAM OSBORNE TWAITS
 "Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."
 Commerce and Finance—Varsity.

WILLIAM ALFRED WILLIAMS
 "On with the dance,
 Let joy be unrefined."
 Aeronautical Engineering—Ann Arbor

ELAINE MERCEDES WOODROW
 "Though College days have their delights,
 They can't compare with college nights."
 Secretarial Science—Western University, London.

TO TECHNICAL GRADUATES

Each succeeding year sees a larger enrollment in the technical department, which only goes to show that those who graduate are proving themselves capable in their walk of life. To these we extend our best wishes for future success.

Fourth Year Graduates

Karl Chalmers,—Electric Autolite; Vernon R. Clarke—McPhillips Ltd.
John Down—Bell Telephone; Gilbert Prudom—Laidlaw's.

Third Year Graduates

Albert Banting—Muellers; John Dowswell—Bridge Works; Kenneth George—George Harris and his Commodores; Russel Ironside—at home; Margaret S. Johnson—at home; Arthur Lawson—at home; James Lennox—Imperial Oil; William R. Struthers—Test House, Imperial Oil.

TO COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

The Commercial graduates of the school are very numerous each year. There is a great demand for students of this type who enter into business connections. To those who have successfully completed their course we hope that your services will be appreciated in the commerce of our country.

Sadie Brown—McTaggart's Book Store, Pt. Huron; Dorothy Bury—Silverwood's; Marjorie Butler—Glynn's; Dorothy Capps—Bell Telephone; Mary Connors—working in Wyoming; Muriel Dunford—Bell Telephone; Dorothy Griffiths—Imperial Oil; Margaret Guy—Clark Coal Co.; Frances Harvey—Bank of Nova Scotia; Margaret Johnson—Bridge Works; Jessie Jones—Muellers; Helen Kennedy—Electric Autolite; Ruth Lackie—Imperial Oil; Florence McCordic—Gurd, Fuller, Taylor; Isobel MacDonald—Imperial Oil; Alma Perry—Bell Telephone; Marie Purser—W. H. Sutherland; Gladys Reid—Grinnells', Pt. Huron; Annie Smith—Logan & Logan; Kitty Summers—Goodison's; Margaret Taylor—Baird, Watson, McColl, Pt. Huron; Elizabeth Wilson—Northern Navigation Co.

NON GRADUATES

Many students leave the school without completing their course: some are forced to do so, others are just anxious to "get out into the world."

We hope that you will soon, if not already, secure satisfactory employment.

NURSES IN TRAINING

Helen Driscoll—Providence Hospital, Detroit.

Frances Leach—Grace Hospital, Detroit.

Margaret DeCou—St. Joseph's Hospital, London.

Joyce Killaby—Victoria Hospital, London.

Alma Jennings—General Hospital, Chatham.

Lyle Chowen and Earl Duncan are working in Chicago.

The enrollment at the Sarnia Business College is again enlarged by former students of the S.C.I. Those attending are:

Doris Napper, Marian Woodcock, Katharine Harraway, Jessie Smith, Evelyn Miller, Hilda Guilfoyle, Gordon Link, Ross Symington, Norris Mara, Allen (Sailor) Brown.

Isabel Smith is bookkeeper at the British Clothing Co.

Lenore Sullivan is the bookkeeper at Parson's Fair.

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A few of last year's students are continuing their studies in other schools.

Alice Botting—Lorne Park College.

Margaret Hueston—Havergall College, Toronto.

Eilleen Hunt—Havergall College, Toronto.

Edna Laughner—Pembroke Collegiate.

Marian Clark—Branksome Hall, Toronto.

Dorothy Haney—Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto.

Geraldine Wittlingher—High School at Detroit.

Dick Geddess—Ridley College.

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Eva Allingham is at the Bell Telephone Co.

Celia Deitrich, who was in training at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, is at home owing to illness.

Louise Boges is in the law office of Donohue and Jamieson

Arthur Manser, Charles Perry, Lloyd Patterson and Kenneth Stubbs are employed at the Imperial Oil.

Charles Kennedy is in the grocery business with his brother.

Glen Lambert is in the office of the Sarnia Bridge Co.

Elda Pilkey has a position with Lampel and Zierler.

Fred Forbes drives the delivery truck for Alex McKenzie's Bakery.

John Grover is employed at the City Dairy.

Joe Doucher is helping his father with the General Delivery.

Etta Brown is stenographer for Wilfred Haney.

The Test House of the Imperial Oil claims Jack Griffith, Stewart McKenzie, Neil Van Horne, Lavern Finch.

Kathleen Burley is working at Jamieson's Candy Store.

Gordon Ferguson is clerking at Vaughan Macdonald's Clothing Store.

Jack Kelso and Gerald Thorpe are employed at Muellers.

Edna Houser is secretary for Mr. Mavity at the Essex Garage.

The Stephenson brothers, Vaughan and Kenneth, are in the Poultry business with their father.

Jack Amor is at the Bank of Toronto.

May Leckie has a position in the County Buildings.

Campbell McKinley is a salesman at the Sarnia Hardware.

Ross Lindsay is in the office of the Canadian Observer.

Ted McFee is at the Mail Order Store of the T. Eaton Co.

Pearl Jones is in Detroit.

Marie Reavie is in the Pardee, Gurd, Fuller and Taylor Law Office.

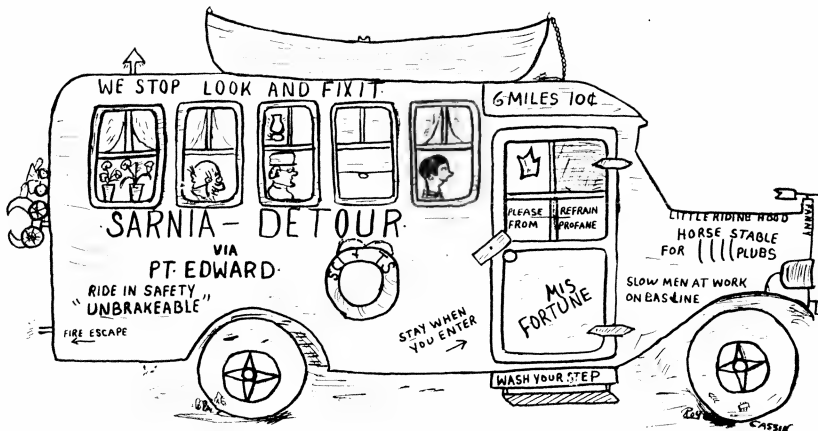
Helen Brock is assistant secretary at the S.C.I.

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At the present time a large number of last year's students are at home. They are:

Edna Abdo, Margaret Blair, Jessie Chapman, Frances Guthrie, Jessie Miller, Harriett Prendergast, Alberta Major, Cleda Tanning, Harold Barnes, Ted Broadbent, Lorne Krause, Tom Needham, Herbert (Sonny) Rideaugh, Ken Saunders and Ellar Brown.

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It is a recognized fact that if girls' sports are to be a success in our school life, every girl who is physically fit should take part in them. With this in view, Miss Scott has given valuable time and effort to the working out of schedules in the various athletics, to create an interest in friendly competitive sports. This has been worked out so successfully that we now find that each of the 400 girls in the school has found for herself a position on one or more of her form teams. No longer do a dozen or so girls monopolize the field of sport while the rest sit and look on. Everyone is showing a keen interest in the new outlook on sports. This year there is to be a prize for the individual Champion Athlete. Points are not only awarded to the winners in the different activities but are also given for participation, so the champion may not be a star in any one sport but a keen participant in many.

To date, the competitions which have been completed are: Free Throw Tournament, Field Day, Swimming Meet, and Interform Basketball.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The election for the G.A.A. executive was held immediately after the opening of school to enable the girls to get an early start in their activities. With the addition of new intramural competition in girls' sports, there has been an increase in the staff. The members for this year's executive are:

Hon. President—Miss Scott
 President—Patricia Palmer
 Vice President—Velma Kearns

Sec.-Treasurer—Geraldine Steele

CURATORS

Basketball—Patsy Collins
 Swimming—Dorothy Rintoul
 Baseball—Helen Finch
 Volley Ball—Hazel Brown
 Field Day—Margaret McGibbon
 Free Throw Tournament—
 Dorothy Williams



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row— M. McGibbon, Miss M. Scott, P. Collins, H. Brown.
Front Row—G. Steele, H. Finch, P. Palmer, V. Kearns.

FIELD DAY

Field day was held in the early fall. Much interest was shown by the girls, and a large number took part in the different events which included: (A) Broad jump, High jump, Dash. (B) Basketball and Baseball throwing for distance, Baseball in teams of two, and the Relay race. Each girl was allowed to enter in three events, choosing two of the events from Class A and

the remaining one from Class B or vice-versa. This regulation was to avoid declaring as champion a person entering in only one type of event. In this way the competition was close and the scores lower than in former years.

Winners:

Senior—Doris Rainsberry
Intermediate—Ettie Rainsberry
Junior—Millicent McGregor

SWIMMING

This year quite a large number of girls are taking an interest in swimming and life saving work. A prize is being given to the girl who makes the greatest progress during the year in swimming.

A Girls' Swimming Meet was held in the school just before the Christmas vacation. Much enthusiasm was aroused and some excellent swimmers were discovered in the school. Prizes were awarded to those who were successful in the events.

Beginners:

Walking Race—M. Curry

Cork Scramble—M. Curry, first;
M. Craig, Second.

Collecting Bottle Tops—

H. Symington.

Senior:

Cork Scramble—M. McGibbon

Towing Race—

Marjorie MacGregor.

Candle Race— Mary MacGregor.

Side Stroke—

Millicent MacGregor.

Dive for Bottle Tops—E. Knight.

Rope Relay—

Marjorie MacGregor, Mary MacGregor, Millicent MacGregor, Anna Marsh.

Free Style Race—(1) P. Palmer;
(2) E. Knight; (3) I. Holloway;
(4) V. Ferris.

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FREE THROW TOURNAMENT

This competition is held to develop accuracy in free shots for basketball. A large number of entries were received from both the Junior and Intermediate girls. In the Junior event the competition was very keen and in some cases ties had to

be broken. The winners were:

Intermediate:

1st, Velma Kearns; 2nd, Patricia Palmer; 3rd, Mary Butler.

Junior:

1st, Elsie Sadler; 2nd, Anna Marsh; 3rd, Madeline Reeves.

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BASKETBALL

This year the school had three teams; the Midgets, the Juniors, and the Senior; so that over thirty girls played with outside teams. The first two teams named played in the City League, while the Seniors entered the W.O.S.S.A. Competition. The Juniors, which included Helen

Finch, Del Smith, Jean Crabb, Dorothy Simpson, Betty Wright, Mamie Cruickshank and Laura Lapham, also played a home and home series of exhibition games with Strathroy, winning their home game 26-13 and losing by one basket in an overtime contest in Strathroy.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—M. Reeves, R. Forbes, M. Paterson, Miss Scott, V. Kearns, D. Rintoul, D. Rainsberry.
 Front Row—H. Brown, M. MacGregor, P. Palmer (Capt.), E. Killbreath, M. Hall.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

The Interform Basketball was organized early in January, under the supervision of Miss Scott, and continued until the middle of February, when the final games were played. The schedule drawn up at the beginning of the year was successfully carried out, each team taking part, until it was eliminated. There was a keen competition between the different forms, and in the Senior division the final game was between Special Commercial and Fifth Form, the winners of last year's finals. The Fifth formers could not keep their success of the year before, and lost to the Commercial girls by

seven points.

The Junior Finals were awarded to Collegiate 2B, after a hard fought game against Commercial 1B. Both teams showed excellent knowledge of the game and a spirit of good sportsmanship prevailed throughout the contest.

The personnel of the Teams:

Senior—A. Lee, A. McLellan, G. Steele, D. Cooper, F. Wellington, J. Sheddon, E. Knight, D. Mercurio, C. Smith.

Junior—M. Steele, E. Sadler, H. Dickson, H. Patterson, M. Pearson, B. Lee.

WOSSA BASKETBALL

The Senior and Junior teams practised together this year and both teams received a good workout. After the examination results at Christmas, we found that Dorothy Williams, star forward of last year, missing from the ranks. Those playing in W.O.S.S.A. Competition this year were:

Pat Palmer (Captain), Velma Kearns (Manager), Dorothy Rintoul, Millicent Hall, Hazel Brown, Marjorie Paterson, Ruth Forbes, Madeline Reeves, Millicent MacGregor, Doris Rainsberry, Evelyn Kilbreath and Helen Finch.

Sarnia girls for the last few years have been grouped with the strong London and Windsor teams, but this year the arrangement was more favourable.

Group 2—(a) Sarnia, Ridgetown, Chatham.

(b) Tillsonburg, St. Thomas.



Sarnia and Tillsonburg won their divisions and in the playoff Sarnia was successful in defeating Tillsonburg and qualified for the finals which were held in Windsor.

The season opened with an exhibition game here with the St. Thomas team. In this contest the Sarnia girls won by a wide margin.

During the Christmas holidays the annual game with the Old Girls was held. The latter, playing a consistent game, came out on top.

Sarnia at Ridgetown 46—18

The first Wossa game was played at Ridgetown on Friday, January 11th, 1930. The S.C.I. had the upper hand throughout the game, holding their opponents to a score of 25—3 in the first half. Pat Palmer and "Pat" Paterson led in the scoring with 15 points each. The final score was 46—14.

Ridgetown at Sarnia 7—40

In the return game played in Sarnia, the Blue and White, displaying a good brand of basketball in every way, were able to keep their opponent's score to 7 points, while they registered 40 points.

Sarnia at Chatham 25—16

On Friday, February 7th, the S.C.I. met the C.C.I. in Chatham. Chatham playing for the first year in Wossa Competition gave Sarnia a good battle. Elma Proutt, scoring 11 of the 16 points for the losers, kept the Sarnia guards worried. When the whistle blew, Sarnia led with a score of 25—16.

Chatham at Sarnia 8—45

On Saturday, February 8th, Chatham travelled to Sarnia to play the return game. Both teams were feeling the strain of the travel, but put on a good performance. Again the fast little Chatham forward managed to drop in 6 points. But this time the score was 45—8 for Sarnia. The S.C.I. have now won part of their group with four wins and no losses.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—M. Cruickshank, J. Crabb, Miss M. Scott (Coach), D. Smith, D. Simpson.
Front Row—B. Wright, H. Finch, L. Laflam.

Tillsonburg at Sarnia 8—37

The local team marked their fifth straight win by defeating the Tillsonburg team 37—8 in Sarnia, on February 14th. On both teams the scoring was fairly divided between the forwards. The Sarnia guards played a particularly good game with clean intercepting and snappy passing.

Sarnia at Tillsonburg 25—19

On February 21st, Sarnia again defeated Tillsonburg in a more closely contested game on the Tillsonburg floor. In the last few minutes of the game, Evelyn Kilbreath

unfortunately dislocated her arm and so was unable to go to the tournament in Windsor. Helen Finch took her place.

The Tournament

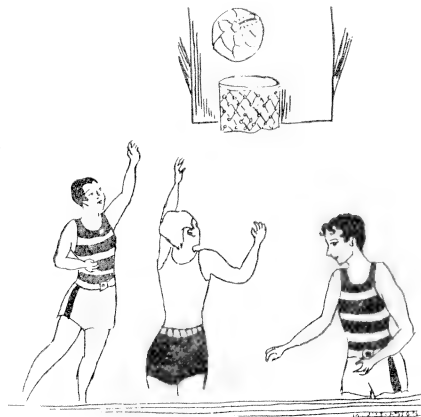
The W.O.S.S.A. Tournament was held on March 7th and 8th. Sarnia unfortunately drew Windsor for her first game and was eliminated by the score of 52—15. During the first quarter the S.C.I. had a lead on their opponents, but the more experienced Kennedy team soon broke loose and accumulated a huge score. D. Morgan starred for the Kennedy team with 19 points, while D. Fran-

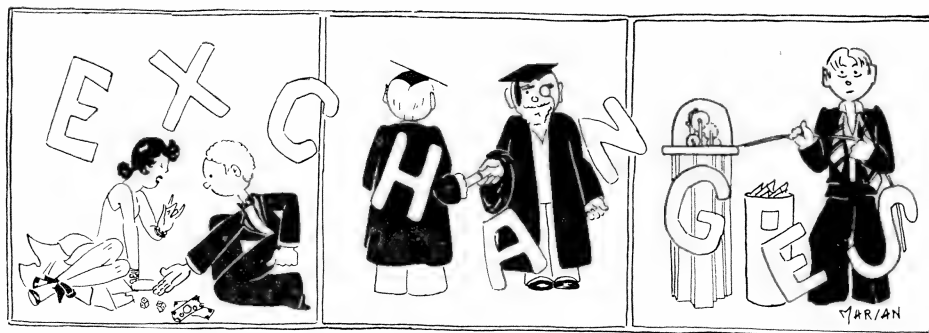
cis played a stellar game in the guard section, displaying some keen pivoting.

On Saturday night Sarnia played off with Stratford for 3rd place. With nothing at stake, the Sarnia team seemed to get over their stage fright and easily defeated the Stratford C.I. 45—28.

Kennedy C.I. defeated London South in an exciting game which was very close throughout. The Wossa standing for 1929-30:

1. Kennedy C.I., Windsor.
2. London South C.I.
3. Sarnia C.I.
4. Stratford C.I.





Our exchange department is increasing every year. We are glad to see old friends back again and to welcome new ones. This section is printed to give our readers an idea of the standard of other school periodicals, and thus bring other schools in close relationship with us.

ACADIA ATHENACUM — Wolfville,
Nova Scotia.

An excellent magazine. The humour is unusually good.

ACTA COLLEGII—Chatham, Ontario.

A very good attempt at publishing your first magazine; although you could have more short stories and essays.

ACTRA NOSTRA—Guelph, Ontario.

Your magazine is so entirely splendid that it is difficult to mention any single department, especially, but your cartoons are exceptionally good.

ACTA VICTORIANA—Toronto Ontario.

A good magazine, but the departments are rather short. Your humour is excellent.

ALLABOUTUS—Stamford, Ontario.

You have good material but poorly arranged. Why not have a Literary Section with essays, poems, besides short stories?

ALMAFILIAN—St. Thomas, Ontario.

A typical girl's school magazine, and is extremely interesting. Your cover is very attractive.

AUDITORIUM—Owen Sound, Ontario.

Your magazine is, as a whole good, but your headings are exceptionally clever.

BENNETT BEACON—Buffalo, N.Y.

A very complete magazine. We have no adverse criticism.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL—
Lennoxville, Quebec.

An exceptionally interesting publication—with many excellent write-ups.

BLUE—Holborn, England.

Your magazine is so different from ours, that it is hard to criticize it. However, your sport notes indicate true school spirit.

BREEZES—Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Your sport section is well written. Your humour, however, could be more extensive.

CAMOSUN—Victoria, British Columbia.

A welcome exchange. Your individual write-ups are the strongest feature in your magazine.

CARILLON—Ottawa, Ontario.

Your material deserves to be arranged to better advantage.

CONNING TOWER—Weston, Ontario.

A very good magazine, in which the headings are original and clever. Why not keep your advertisements separate?

CRESCENT HIGH BUGLE—Calgary,
Alberta.

A very interesting paper. The humour is quite good. Thanks for the compliment.

DUMBELL—Sherbrooke, Quebec.

From cover to cover, your book is one to be highly complimented.

ECHOES—Peterborough, Ontario.

Your literary section is good, especially the poetry.

EASTERN ECHO—Toronto, Ontario.

Congratulations on your first edition!
Hope to see you again, next year.

FETTESIAN—Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your magazine reveals that many varied
interests centre around Fettes College.

HAMILTONIAN—Hamilton, New
Zealand.

Your school notes are quite interesting,
and the criticisms are clever and original.

HELLO—Brantford, Ontario.

A very attractive cover, worthy of the
contents.

HERMES—Toronto, Ontario.

We congratulate you, on your large col-
lection of fine short stories and poems.
Your cover, in your own Humberside col-
ours, illustrates, cleverly, the name of
your magazine. The illustrations are also
worthy of note.

HOWLER—Toronto, Ontario.

The literary section does not seem to
be as strong as the other departments.
We liked "The Distillery."

LAMPADONION—Hamilton, Ontario.

An excellent school paper—but we are
accustomed to a magazine, that includes
more departments.

LANTERN—London, Ontario.

A bright school magazine, including
many nicely arranged departments.

LANTERN—Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

The literary department is excellent.
The jokes are good, but few in number.

L.C.C.I. REVIEW—London, Ontario.

Nearly the perfect magazine.

LUX GLEBANA—Ottawa, Ontario.

Your magazine is full of the pep of
school life—sports, school spirit, etc.

MAGNET—Toronto, Ontario.

One of the finest school publications we
have read. Every department is well
covered.

MONACLE—Simcoe, Ontario.

A splendid paper. The literary section
is particularly strong.

O.A.C. REVIEW—Ontario Agricultural
College—Guelph.

A magazine worthy of the college which
publishes it.

ORACLE—Fort William, Ontario.

A fine magazine, and a great improve-
ment over last year.

ORACLE—Oakville, Ontario.

Your first magazine is a credit to you.
We would suggest not placing your ad-
vertisements among your material, and
placing your humour all in one section.

PARKDALIAN—Parkdale, Canada.

A splendid paper, with unique cartoons.

PEPTIMIST—Mimico, Ontario.

Your headings are quite good. Why not
have an exchange column?

PURPLE AND GOLD—Newmarket, Ont.

You have a large magazine, with a quan-
tity of good material. Your editorials are
good.

PURPLE AND WHITE—Kenora, Ont.

You have a French section of which to
be proud.

RECORD—New Hartford, New York.

Your editorials are well-written, and
you have a very large literary department.
A humour section would be a valuable
addition.

SALT SHAKER—Saskatoon, Sask.

A very original and interesting magazine
with witty write-ups.

SCARBORO BLUFF—Scarboro, Ontario.

The French section is particularly in-
teresting. The cartoons and snaps are
numerous and good.

SCHOOL NEWS—Belfast, Ireland.

Your poetry is splendid, and the rest
of the literary department is excellent too.

SCREECH OWL—Bowmanville.

The literature is good. It would be an
improvement to separate poems from
short stories.

SHIP—Maricombe, England.

Your magazine has some very good
humour, but the literary section is weak.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW—
Aurora, Ontario.

A typical boy's magazine, full of enthusiasm for sport and humour.

TATLER—Lindsay, Ontario.

A small, but very enjoyable magazine. Your literary section is fine, but you fall a little short regarding sports.

TECHALOGUE—London, Ontario.

The editorials on the different departments are well-written. Your modernistic cover design is very attractive.

TORCH—Napanee, Canada.

Your poetry is beautiful, but there isn't much of it. Your magazine has many original features.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW—

Toronto, Ontario.

There are some very good features in your paper, but most of the departments are weak.

TWIG—Toronto, Ontario.

Your magazine is very complete and reveals excellent school spirit. "Des Plais-autines" is original and clever.

VAN TECH—Vancouver, B.C.

We are always glad to hear from the West. Your views of Vancouver are very interesting to us; your exchange is extensive and well-written.

VOX COLLEGIEUSES—St. Catharines, Ontario.

An interesting magazine, but it could be better arranged. Your suggestions show that you are striving to make your school one of the best. Best of luck in carrying them out.

VOX STUDENTIUM—Port Arthur.

Your headings are good—also your write-up on the graduating class.

WATSONIAN—Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your magazine indicates splendid school spirit. Your wood cuts are excellent. Why not have a humour section?

WOLF HOWL—Sudbury, Ontario.

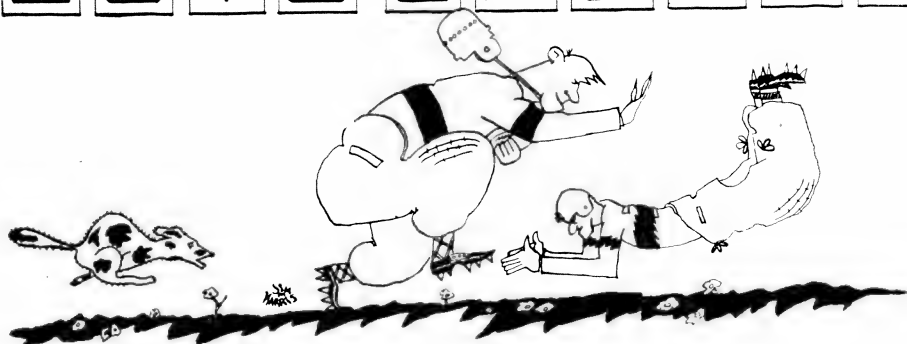
Your magazine gives us a glimpse at the school life of our own Northern Ontario. We wish you had an exchange that we might see what you think of us.

YEAR BOOK—Shelbourne.

A well-balanced magazine. A page of snaps might add personal interest.



BOYS' SPORTS



This year the school fell down badly in competitive W.O.S.S.A. sports. However, we in the school think ourselves a better bunch of fellows physically, than has been the case for a number of years. This is due chiefly to the increased use of the gym and the untiring work of Mr. Mendizabal. On the other hand to the graduates we must look like real terrible "slackers", as they deemed it an unpardonable sin to lose a rugby game to St. Thomas. After all, we had to lose sometime, and St. Thomas, of all the other teams in Western Ontario, was the most deserving to win the W.O.S.S.A.

At the first of the year it looked as if the S.C.I. & T.S. would again have a powerful rugby machine, but in the dash for the tape they faded badly, lacking weight and experience. Next season should be a different story; most of this year's team will return; additional weight and experience will have been added, and players will graduate from this year's good little Second Team. St. Thomas! beware!

Both the Basketball and Hockey teams reached a low ebb this year. However, the Hockey Team deserves credit for having enough courage to even enter a team. This year, for the first time, we had a Junior Basketball Team, and many promising players were developed. We firmly believe that under Mr. Mendizabal's coaching, Senior Basketball will return to its former glory.

The most successful track meet in years was held this year, with a large number of entries in all boys' events. This also speaks well for the future.

Two Swimming Meets, an Assault-at-Arms, and a Gym Display have been run off very successfully during the year. But more encouraging than anything else is the fact that the boys have been organized as never before, and the Boys' Athletic Association is at last a real live wire.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—W. Turnbull, J. Lewis, W. Claxton, G. Moore.
Front Row—A. Hayne, K. Bell, Mr. Mendizabal, S. Ferguson, V. Norwood.

BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Last year saw a complete re-organization of the Boys' Athletic Executive. The members were elected by ballot and there was a representative from every activity of the sport and athletic side of the school. The representative in each case was in charge of his section and was fully responsible for the way in which the activity was carried out. Meetings were held when the occasion demanded and a keen interest was shown by the members.

The Assault-At-Arms and swimming meet were sponsored by the Executive and due to their efforts and the efforts of our gymnasium instructor, Mr. Mendizabal, were pronounced an outstanding success,

both financially and in that they were enjoyed by all.

It is hoped that the start given by the Executive this year will not be let down in successive years and that the work will be carried on with the same standard of efficiency as before.

The representatives are as follows:

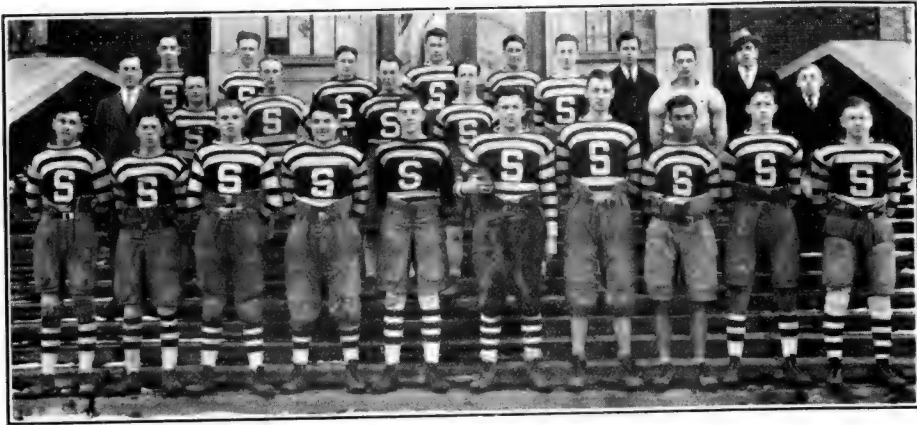
Cadets—	Kenneth Bell
Rugby—	Gordon Moore
Hockey—	Walter Claxton
Boxing—	Jack Lewis
Gym Work—	Bill Turnbull
Basketball—	George Clark
Shooting—	Vincent Norwood
Track—	Andrew Hayne
Swimming—	Stanley Ferguson

SENIOR RUGBY

S.C.I. 17—Old Boys 13

Pessimistic supporters of the Senior Collegiate team were treated to a pleasant surprise when the S.C.I. clashed with the Old Boys on Saturday, Sept. 14. The Old Boys were heavy favourites to win from the

mere shadow of the team which had won the Dominion Championship in '28. But the Collegians surprised everyone. The game was played at the Athletic Park before one of the largest crowds to witness the annual clash. Gordon Paterson



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—B. Proutt, W. Reid, M. Heller, C. Cook, R. O'field, W. Turnbull, C. Abdo.
 Middle Row—Mr. Asbury, S. Austin, W. Claxton, G. Moore, J. Geary, A. Hayne, J. Lewis, N. Nichol (Mgr.)
 Front Row—T. Doherty, W. Hargrove, R. Blay, V. Norwood, R. Ewener, K. Bell (Capt.), D. Isbister, W. Randall, D. McLeod, G. Fraser.

kicked to the dead line for the first point in the first quarter. The second quarter developed into a kicking duel between Gord. Paterson and G. Clarke, with the latter having the better of it. The feature of the first half was when Van Horne ran for fifty yards and a touchdown. Half time score was 4—6 for the Old Boys. Norm Geary was the star of the second half, with a run of forty yards and a touchdown to his credit. For the S.C.I. Moore, Clark, and Bell stood out, although the whole team played well. There were numerous infringements of the rules, much to the S.C.I.'s advantage.

S.C.I. 53—London Central 7

The opening game of the WOSSA was held at the Athletic Park, Saturday Oct. 19, when the S.C.I. trounced London Central 53—7. The homesters had their own way throughout the contest, although the London team never stopped fighting. The Sarnia team was much heavier and scored touchdowns at will. London introduced the forward pass with fair success, as their major score was the result of this play. Sarnia's score was

gained on nine touchdowns, five of which were converted and one field goal.

S.C.I. 25—London Central 0

In the return game London Central was decisively defeated 25—0, the S.C.I. taking the round 78—7. The London team put up a much more stubborn battle than the previous week. However, Sarnia failed to take the game seriously or the score might have been doubled. "Dinty" Moore was the outstanding star of the game. Isbister and Bell netted five points each but O'Field was high scorer with ten points to his credit. Grant and Lawson were the best for London and deserve much credit.

S.C.I. 19—Windsor 1

The first game of the WOSSA finals was held in Sarnia on Nov. 2 against Kennedy Collegiate. The first half saw the determined Windsor crew hold our team to a 1—1 score, but the S.C.I. team ran wild in the second half, chalking up 18 points. Some great plunging by Ken Bell and sensational running by "Dinty" Moore swept the Windsor

defense aside in the great Windsor rally. Geary, the quarter-back of the winners, was a consistent thorn in the side of the Windsor defense.

Bell scored two touchdowns and Moore one, only one of which was converted. The team work of the winners was very pleasant to watch while the losers resorted to individual attacks, in which McKernan and Zade stood out. These two players also combined well on forward passes and caused the Sarnia team many anxious moments in the first half.

S.C.I. 9—Windsor 1

The S.C.I. team played the return game in Windsor on Nov. 7. The victory gave Sarnia the round 28—2. Dinty Moore, sensational backfield ace of the S.C.I., again figured greatly in Sarnia's victory. Bell and Isbister also played large parts in the win due to good plunging. The Borderites led by McKernan and Chapman fought back hard but never managed to offset the early lead established by the S.C.I. through Moore's field goal in the first period. Moore garnered all of Sarnia's points.

S.C.I. 4—St. Thomas 12

After sixteen years of persistent effort, St. Thomas Collegiate was successful in defeating Sarnia on their own field on Nov. 16. The Sarnia Collegians seemed to lack their usual defensive as well as offensive punch, and the flanking runs of the halves seemed to wear them down until in the final period the Saints ripped through for two touchdowns that gave them a comfortable lead for the return game.

The S.C.I. fumbled frequently and at most inopportune times and did not get a real break at any time. In Carter the Saints possess one of the best looking booters seen in the Collegiate ranks last season. Moore and Claxton were the most consistent ground gainers for the losers, but could do little as Sarnia's wing line was considerably off colour. Carter, Pollock and Vicary featured St. Thomas with some sensational running.

S.C.I. 5—St. Thomas 11

After years of trying, St. Thomas at last became WOSSA champions by defeating the S.C.I. in St. Thomas on Nov. 20. The field was in poor condition due to a recent fall of snow. The huddle system was resorted to throughout the game. First period opened with Sarnia kicking against the wind, and in a short time Carter forced Moore to rouse on a long kick. In the second period Sarnia launched a strong offensive and brought the ball up to St. Thomas' 3 yard line, from where Claxton went over for a touch. At this juncture of the game the chances of our team winning the round looked very rosy as they completely outplayed St. Thomas. However, in the third quarter they faded. In the last quarter the S.C.I. resorted to every trick in the bag but to no avail, even trying forward passes in the shadow of their own goal posts. One of these passes was intercepted by Pollock who trotted about twenty yards for a touchdown. One bright feature of the game was the inspired playing of two insides, Randall and Lewis. The team went down with colours flying and took the defeat as true sportsmen. Who could ask more?

PERSONNEL OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

L. Half—Walter Claxton.
 Fl. Wing—Claude Cook.
 Snap—Reg. Ewener.
 L. Inside—Roy Blay.
 L. Middle—Kenneth Bell (Capt.)
 L. End—Gordon Fraser.

R. Half—Gordon Moore.
 C. Half—Bruce Proutt.
 Quarter—James Geary.
 R. Inside—Willard Randall.
 R. Middle—Douglas Isbister.
 R. End—William Turnbull.

SPARES

Inside—Andrew Hayne.
 Inside—Jack Lewis.
 End—Warren Hargrove.
 Half—Barney Ofield.
 Half—Stewart Austin.
 End—Maurice Heller.

Inside—Vincent Norwood.
 R. End—Tom Doherty.
 End—Donald McLeod.
 Half—William Reid.
 Snap—Caram Abdo.

Ross Gray,
 Honorary Coach.

Norman Nichol,
 Manager.

Beatty Jennings,
 Coach.

Robert Thorpe,
 Trainer.

**W. BEATTY "SON" JENNINGS**

Our deepest and most sincere thanks go to "Son" this year for coaching the Senior Rugby Team. Though we did not retain our laur-

els of past years, we cannot say that it was due to our change in coaching. Mr. Jennings' work was faithful and was appreciated by all the members of the team. We that are leaving wish to extend our best wishes for success to the rugby team and their coach for the following year.

ROBERT THORPE

This year saw "Bob" back with us again, with his liniment, towel and emergency bag. His work was appreciated by all the members of the team, as we hope it will be by other teams if he comes back to us next year.

NOTE

The Rugby team wishes to thank the Laidlaw-Belton Lumber Co. for the use of their truck during the home games of the past season.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Mr. Mendizabal (Coach), N. Jolly, A. East, W. Carter, W. Palmer, F. Mollitor, L. McKenzie, K. VanHorne, R. Whitsit, I. Fraser, J. Houston (Mgr.), Mr. Ashbury.
Front Row—K. McMillan, O. Fleet, E. Law, O. Dobbins, Jim McDonald (Capt.), D. Twaits, H. Haines, H. Turnbull, G. Steadwell, K. Burden.

JUNIOR RUGBY

S.C.I. 5—Chatham 11

This year the junior team was grouped with Petrolia High School and Chatham Collegiate. They played their first game at Chatham on Oct. 11. The Sarnians were rather light and ineffective against the heavy Chatham team but they fought hard all the way through and succeeded in getting the better of the play in the last quarter. The veterans of the junior team, Turnbull, McDonald, and McMillan, played great football, while Fraser and Palmer, two newcomers, gave the Chatham team many anxious moments with their brilliant runs.

S.C.I. 12—Petrolia 0

The juniors played their first home game at the Collegiate campus on Friday, October 18, when a fighting squad toppled the Hard Oils 12—0, and went into a three-cornered tie for first place. Sarnia had a smoother and more diversified attack than the Petrolia lads, the winners plunging and running with equal success while Petrolia resorted only to a plunging attack.

McMillan was the outstanding performer for the S.C.I., although McDonald played great football and scored both touchdowns for his team. Turnbull and Law featured with some nice tackling while McKenzie consistently outkicked the Petrolia punter. For the losers Rose was perhaps the best while O'Dell and Landon turned in good games.

S.C.I. 19—Chatham 0

The S.C.I. juniors scored their second shutout victory when they defeated Chatham 19—0 on Oct. 28 on the school campus. The Sarnia squad went into the game determined to turn back their erstwhile conquerors and in a short time had taken the lead which they increased as the game progressed. Although the Chatham outfit completely outweighed our juniors they could not cope with the running attack of the Sarnia Halves. Sarnia secured two touchdowns on onside kicks with Fraser being on the receiving end. The other major score was secured by McMillan on a pretty end run.

S.C.I. 8—Petrolia 0

The S.C.I. juniors cinched their group title when they defeated the Petrolia juniors 8—0 on Nov. 2 in Petrolia. The game was played in a heavy rain and it was impossible for the players to handle the ball safely. Fumbles were numerous but none of them resulted in major scores. The game was much closer than the score would indicate and it was impossible to determine a winner till the final whistle blew. Fraser netted the only touchdown of the game when he gathered in an onside and raced over the Petrolia line. For the winners no individual star could be picked; their team work alone counting for their victory. For the losers Rose and Napier played very effective games.

S.C.I. 15—Assumption 5

Assumption college of Windsor were our next victims in the W.O.S. S.A. semi-finals. First game was played here on Nov. 14; the S.C.I. succeeding in chalking up a 15—5

victory over the Assumption twelve. The heavy Windsor team was rather handicapped by the muddy underfooting and could not stop the running offensive of the Sarnia team. The Sarnia team put up a great game and certainly earned their ten point lead. The Windsor score was made by McKay, who intercepted a Sarnia pass and ran the length of the field for a touchdown.

S.C.I. 2—Assumption 17

The tables were turned completely in Windsor on Nov. 17 and the seconds were on the wrong end of 17—2 score.

The determined Windsor huskies sailed into the lighter Sarnia team from the start. The S.C.I. put up a stubborn battle against their heavier opponents and although beaten, they were certainly far from disgraced.

For the winners Pospechil, Ratenbury, and Borsche bore the brunt of the attack, while Burden and McMillan kept trying hard for the locals.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

S.C.I. 17—Old Boys 24

On January 4, the comparatively inexperienced school team met in the annual clash with the Old Boys, who had one of the strongest teams in years. It was not surprising that the school went down in defeat, because the Old Boys' quintet consisted of Carter, McKay and VanHorne on the forward line and "Son" Jennings, Millman and Nichol at guards.

The school team started off fast and Proutt scored five points in as many minutes. The school was leading by two points at half-time, but in the last half, Carter and Jennings combined well and put the Old Boys in the lead which they held un-

till the whistle blew. The school team played good basketball with Proutt taking individual scoring honours. For the Old Boys, Carter was undoubtedly the star.

St. Thomas 24—S.C.I. 7

This year our team was grouped with the St. Thomas Collegiate which had one of the biggest and most experienced teams in years. The first game took place in St. Thomas on Friday, January 31, when our team lost by a score of 24—17. The Sarnia forwards could not break through the St. Thomas defense and were forced to shoot from centre, while the guards could not stop the fast St. Thomas for-



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—H. Lockhart, A. Hayne, W. Reid (Capt.), Mr. Mendizabal, B. Millman, B. Pruitt, J. Lewis.
Kneeling—S. Austin, R. O'field, P. James.

wards. Hutton was perhaps St. Thomas' best although Vicary and Joliffe were the main factors defensively. The Sarnia team, on the whole, were off form and although everyone tried hard, the basket could not be reached. Paul Hatch of the Western University handled the game and did so very creditably.

St. Thomas 43—S.C.I. 22

The return game with St. Thomas was played in the school gym on Friday, February 7, before a large crowd. The St. Thomas team won by a score of 43—22 and consequent-

ly eliminated Sarnia from the W.O. S.S.A. race. Although Sarnia penetrated the St. Thomas defense for points, they could not stop the Saints from scoring at will. The score was quite even at half-time, but in the last half the Saints displayed some brilliant basketball which sent them far into the lead. For Sarnia, Ofield played good basketball and led the scorers, while Reid and Millman played good defensive games. For the winners Saunders led in points scored with fourteen to his credit, but it would be impossible to pick an individual star. Paul Hauch again refereed.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

This year, Mr. Mendizabal decided to enter a team in the boys' junior basketball race. It was the first time the school had been represented by a junior team and consequently

none of the players had previous experience. Mr. Mendizabal took charge of the juniors as well as the seniors and it was due to his untiring efforts that the team showed



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

W. Teskey (Capt.), O. Fleet, I. Fraser, F. Mollitor, D. Kelley, J. Houston, G. Fraser, W. Carter, R. Ewener, K. McMillan.

such rapid improvement. Unfortunately the juniors were grouped with the strong Strathroy team and it was not surprising that they were eliminated.

Strathroy 18—S.C.I. 10

The S.C.I. juniors met our old rivals Strathroy, on Friday, January 31. The game was fairly fast but Strathroy dominated the play throughout, not only because of their superior shooting and passing but because of their greater experience. Don Wright of Western University refereed the contest. Strathroy's defense was impregnable, all the Sarnia field goals being scored from well out. It would

be impossible to pick out individual stars on either team as all the boys played good basketball and were unselfish with the ball.

S.C.I. 5—Strathroy 14

On Friday, February 7, the S.C.I. juniors played their return game with the Strathroy team, and were forced to take the short end of a 14—5 score. Although outscored from the start our juniors never gave up and were battling as hard at the last as at the beginning. Despite the fact that Sarnia garnered only five points their team work was on a par with that of Strathroy youngsters, but the latter players took advantage of their scoring opportunities and kept well in the lead.

HOCKEY

Hockey was rather a dead issue in the school this year, and it was rather surprising that they entered a team at all. Ice was unavailable until two days before the first game and this accounts a good deal for Sarnia's elimination. Nearly all of last year's team had left the school and consequently the team was composed almost entirely of untried material. Added to this was the fact that they were grouped with Watford which had one of the stron-

est teams in years.

S.C.I. 1—Watford 4

The team played their opening game in Watford late in January. Although they put up a good fight the more experienced Watford aggregation had little trouble in defeating them 4—1. The ice was in good condition and a large crowd was on hand to see Watford run up a 3 point lead. Sarnia resorted almost entirely to individual rushing



HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—K. Burden, B. Proutt, W. Claxton (Capt.), T. Doherty, A. East, K. McMillan.
Kneeling—R. O'field, W. Croxford, Z. Watson, H. Haines.

and in this style of playing Levantovitch and Ofield stood out, the former getting the S.C.I.'s only counter. Claxton and Proutt did some nice checking for the losers, but could not hold Stapleford, Watford's ace, who accounted for three of the winners' goals, Bruce getting the other one.

S.C.I. 0—Watford 1

In the return game at Sarnia Wat-

ford gained a 1—0 victory and as a result the round 5—1. The game was played under difficult conditions, the ice being very soft due to a recent thaw. Good hockey was impossible and the game was rather listless. Claxton, Haines, and Levantovitch were the best for the S.C.I. Watford resorted to a defensive game at which Stapleford and McIntosh shone.

SWIMMING AND LIFE SAVING

Swimming is a recreation to which a great majority of the students in the school take advantage of the available opportunities which our school offers in aquatic sports. Besides the regular swimming classes in gymnasium periods, the girls

are allowed the use of the pool after school two days a week and the boys the remaining days.

This year, of course, the success of the Aquatic Meet far eclipsed all other water sports. Through the generosity of Mrs. Hanna who of-

ferred to pay fifty per cent. of the costs of the examination to every student passing the Proficiency Certificate, Bronze Medallion, Honorary Instructions or Award of Merit



D. MACGREGOR

nearly all obstacles have been removed. All that remains now is work and co-operation from the students, whom we sometimes fear do not fully appreciate or realize the great value of knowing how to swim well, lend a helping hand to distressed swimmers, or even rescue a drowning person. Elementary Cer-

tificates were won by David Doherty, Maurice McGill and I. Fraser; Proficiency Certificates were awarded to Thomas Little, Robert Mac-



T. DOHERTY

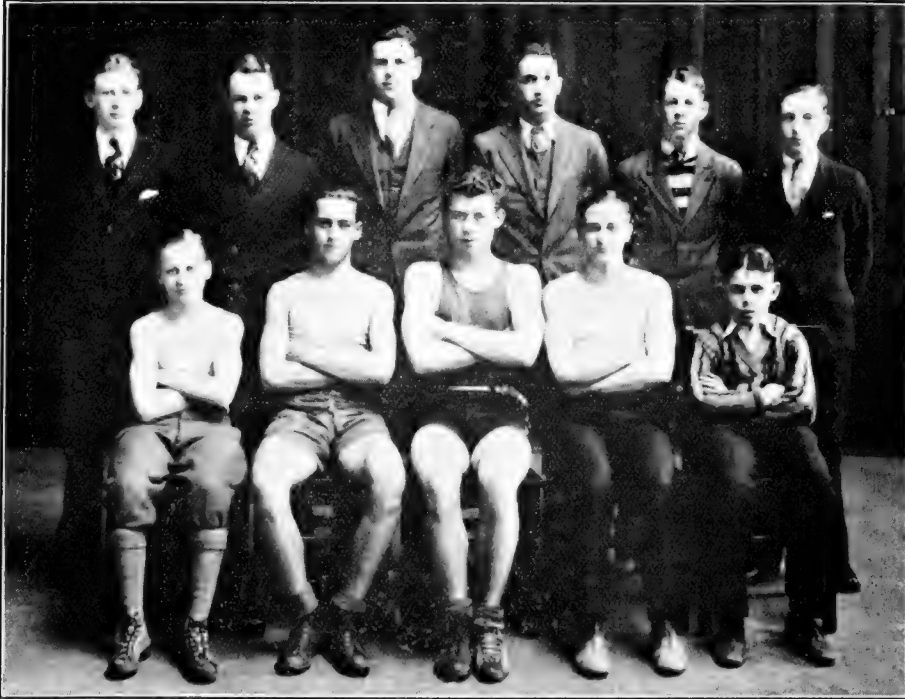
Donald, Leon Brown, Dick Farmer and Donald MacGregor. Medallion Awards were won by Donald MacGregor, Miles Leckie, Owen Lockhart, William Croxford, Thomas Little, Robt. MacDonald and Elroy Ferguson. The showing this year was not as good as the high mark set last year yet very creditable.

FIELD DAY

In recalling the many student activities of the past year, we may say that one of the most prominent events in our school year was Field Day. Last year no boys' field day was held, consequently the enthusiasm this year was doubly keen and the campus was thronged with spectators. The ability exhibited in the boys' events gave us high hopes for the formation of a track team representing our school and that would perhaps bring back Sarnia's lost renown.

Paul James of Special Commercial captured the Senior Individual Championship, while the Intermediate Championship went to Kenneth Williamson of T2B. In the Junior competition Chester Cameron took the Championship.

Although the track prospects are not overly bright for this year, new and greater enthusiasm is being shown for this type of athletics, and it is hoped that with this, will eventually come back the prestige the Blue and White once held at London.



ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

Standing—Jack Garrett, G. Moore, K. Bell, J. Lewis, L. MacKenzie, G. McKellar.
Seated—L. Smith, K. Burden, K. McMillan, M. Heller, R. Dennis.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

Boxing and wrestling have had a real re-awakening this year. Mr. Mendizabal commenced to organize boxing classes, and held weekly boxing and wrestling tournaments in the latter part of the Fall term and after the Christmas Holidays. These contests were to decide winners for various classes to compete in the final event.

The Assault At-Arms was held in the gymnasium on Friday, Feb. 21st, 1930, with a capacity house in attendance. The champions of seven classes in boxing and wrestling were determined, and many pleasing bouts brought a burst of applause from the audience.

The Champions of the various classes are as follows:

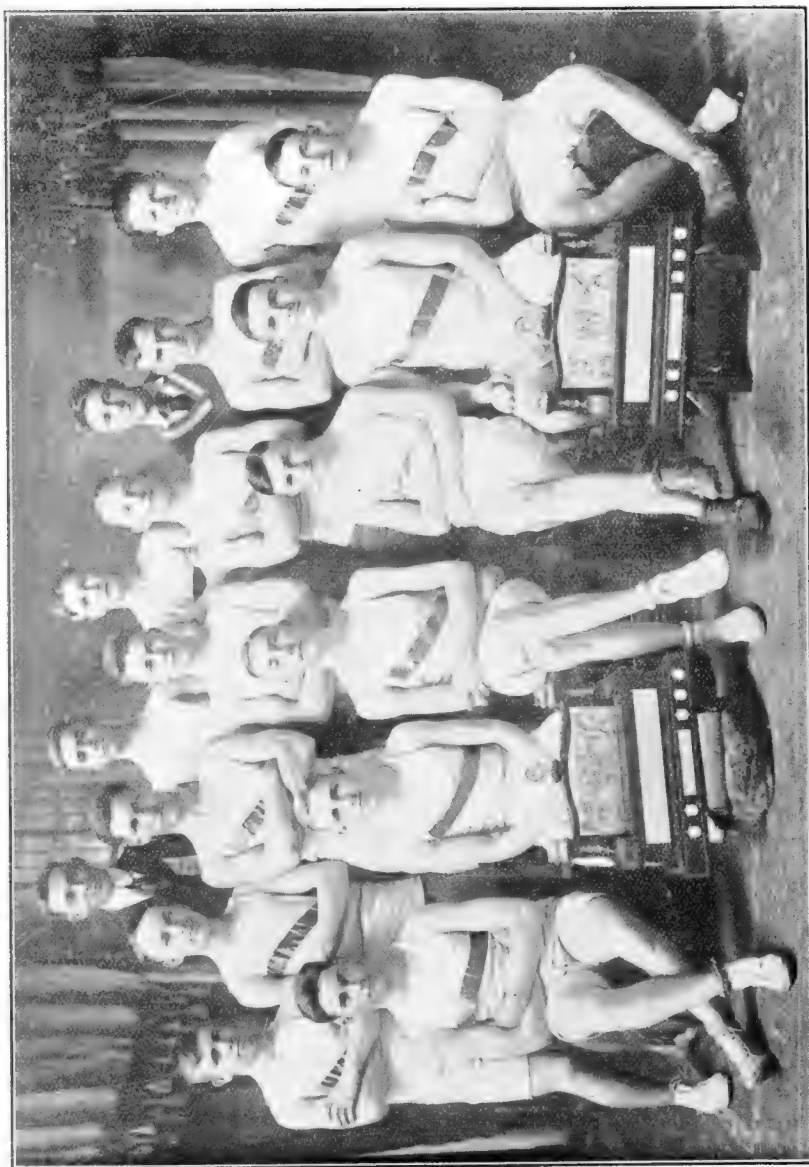
BOXING

105 lbs.—Smith
112 lbs.—Randall and Smith. (tie)
118 lbs.—McKenzie
126 lbs.—Heller
135 lbs.—Watson
147 lbs.—Lewis
Sr. Class—Bell

BOXING

95 lbs.—Dennis
105 lbs.—McKellar
112 lbs.—McKenzie
126 lbs.—Garrett
135 lbs.—Burden
147 lbs.—Moore
158 lbs.—McMillan
Sr. Class—Bell

TRACK TEAM:—Let this be your objective.



Senior and Junior Championship Track Teams, Western Ontario, 1920

Present versus Future

A DAY IN SCHOOL

By "Bam"

It is great to get up in the morning and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, start off leisurely to school. After an enjoyable walk, during which time you regard the beauties of nature from over the pile of books in your arms and your feet splash around in the slush, you arrive at school half an hour early. Already the school is crowded with enthusiastic and energetic students eager to begin the day's work. With difficulty you make your way into the neatly arranged locker.

It's a common occurrence to see fifth form all in the home room quietly seated and patiently waiting for the bell. When the bell rings all the classes march along in straight lines and noiselessly go to their seats in the assembly hall. The orchestra is playing old time dance music and everyone is thrilled and listens attentively. The teachers, all in step, march in with a perfect line. On the platform there seems to be some difficulty in choosing the chairs, but this is overcome as they flip a coin or work it out by permutations and combinations. After waiting fifteen minutes for the orchestra to cease, we proceed with the opening exercises.

Mr. Asbury makes some splendid announcements that our school won all the athletic events, debates and oratorical contests in which they recently participated. There is no applause as this is becoming a common everyday occurrence. Today Mr. Asbury requested that all contributions to the magazine cease at once since they had received 106

short stories, 275.6 jokes, 314½ lines of scandal, besides poetry and cartoons, to last for the next three magazines. This morning as usual we have an outside speaker, a Mr. Ima Bumbershoot, who addresses the school. During his dry address everyone pays strict attention and makes notes of his speech. As he speaks Mr. Bumbershoot keeps one hand inside his coat near the vest, a la mode Napoleon, so that no one can sneak up and swipe his watch. We are glad when he stops since we are all anxious to get to our studies.

The Latin Class is a cinch. Horace and Cicero are as easy as can be. They say that the ultimate end of Cicero was that he cut his throat while shaving one morning. It must have been the morning after he was on that spree and made that rash speech about cat o' nine. Proof of this is found in his speech (which the press stenogs. wrote down) as he repeatedly interjects "Hic, hic." When we finish the lesson we set around and talk over old times.

The Study Room is one of the finest things about our school. This room is always a scene of industry and intensive study. As a matter of fact the dull monotony got on Miss Johnston's nerves so she erected a sign in brilliant letters "talk, laugh and make Whooppee" but no one pays any attention to it. In one period we usually clean up all the homework for several days.

On the third floor there is never much congestion. This is because one of the staff recently graduated from the Correspondence School for

Traffic Cops. Mr. Andrews tapped several of us on the shoulder and asked us to have a drink. While we were drinking he gracefully ushered several students into the room and gave them ring side seats with rain checks. During the Geometry lesson Keith was severely reprimanded for not having his homework done, like McLeod, Unsworth and Dorothy always do. Poor Keith! That stuff about hexigons, trexigons and mexicons is enough to confuse anyone who runs around nights and goes to the Sodalitas dance.

The lesson is interrupted by Ferguson who starts a petition around the room that everyone does at least five hours' homework each night. We all sign it. Mr. Andrews is indignant. "Give the kids five minutes and they want five hours. Such conduct will not be tolerated around this school."

In the French class we have a whale of a time. Everyone talks in French and we are quite Parisian. When a wisecrack or joke slips out everyone roars with laughter for they all understand it. An example of fifth form French is "Bon Ami" means "Hasn't scratched yet." When the bell rings at noon everyone quietly walks to his locker and the school is as quiet as a Sunday School Convention.

On the way to school I drop in at the Y.M.C.A. and argue with a man about the Einstein theory and so I was late. Mr. Asbury met me in the hall and patting me on the shoulder said "Tut, tut, forget about it. You're the first late this month and I'll excuse you to keep the school record for three consecutive months."

Literature (English) is a great subject for English students. The carefree verse of blank Willie Shakespoke is easily understood, so we tear out the notes in the back of the book. The girls all cry when they cut Mac's head off and are provoked at Mrs. Mac because she didn't wear a kimona so she couldn't catch a cold and die. We all had a good cry too.

Since no one had any difficulties in the Algebra class Mr. Andrews started a new lesson. He stopped for a few moments, however, to allow the students to write down the plain stated facts written with such a beautiful penmanship and to permit Bob and Deene to catch up with their sleep. Then the bell rings again. We all go to the home room and sit quietly in our pews.

The lockers are bare as everyone takes all his books home each night to study. Oh, it sure is great to go home and study six hours after a quiet day in school.

PROGRESS

(Being an account of the progress made at the S.C.I. & T. S. in the period between the present year, 1950, and the year 1930—20 years as seen by the head prefect of the school in the 1949-50 term.)

A survey of the last two decades in the life of the school reveals many changes. Only the other day, we received a radiograph letter from one of the Fifth form students in the year 1930, (for in 1930, there was only one fifth form); this letter

comments on the changes he observed in the course of a recent television tour of the school. "In 1930" he writes, "the school grounds comprised only about twelve acres, whereas, at this time, it extends from the river front to Mitton

Street, an area of some seventy-five acres. The building itself has grown also; the number of rooms has increased from fifty to some two hundred odd."

Our venerable friend is right. The last twenty years have observed many changes. The maple trees skirting the original campus, mere saplings in 1930, have grown, through the medium of an artificial nurture process, into towering monarchs rivalling in stature the Douglas Fir. Beneath their grateful shade, on each annual inspection day, gathers the female population of the school, in their dresses, to watch the manoeuvres of the local regiment of cadets in their colourful uniforms of navy blue and white (the regiment now consists of 2500 cadets). These trees, gay in their autumn reds and yellows, witness the annual epic struggle between the St. Thomas and Sarnia teams, for the Wossa senior rugby championship, held by Sarnia since 1913, with the exception of the year 1920, when it was carried off by St. Thomas, to be held by them for one short year.

To the west of the original campus lies an area of some twenty acres of open ground devoted to the study of aeronautics; the class in aeronautics was begun in 1941 and has grown steadily until it numbers among its equipment a fleet of nine aeroplanes, three rotor planes, four seaplanes and a small dirigible. Still further west on the river front are

situated the swimming and yacht clubs. The sailboat races, held each spring, were instituted in the year 1936.

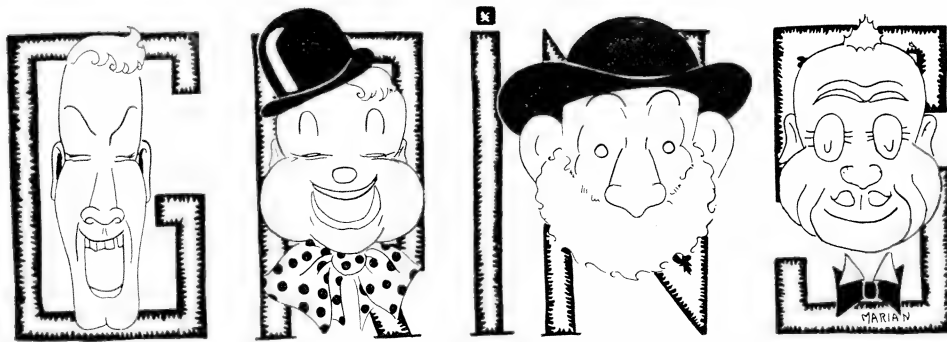
The teaching staff, too, has undergone many changes also. Of the staff of 1930, five members are still with us. Mr. Andrews, as head of the Mathematics department, is still as efficient as in days of yore. Mr. Gray is still pounding trigonometry, geometry and arithmetic into the heads of the students. Mr. Pringle, in 1930 instructor in auto mechanics is now head of the aeronautical department. Miss Harris is head of the History department, while Miss Urquhart, daughter of a retired member of the staff of 1930 is first assistant instructor in history. Miss Harris, by the way, is now engaged in writing a history of the school, to be published just before the centennial celebration in 1950. Last, but certainly not least, Mr. F. C. Asbury is still principal of the entire school, while his son, Mr. David Asbury, familiar to many of the class of 1930 as a small, gravely smiling boy, has just joined the staff as junior mathematics master.

The school magazine, in 1930 was an annual publication, in 1938 became a monthly, and in 1944, a weekly mirror of the life of the school.

Thus we see that in the last two decades the school has made immense progress, not least of which was the graduation of Mr. Don McLeod in 1948.

"Nicholas V"





Miss Dalziel (looking over McKenzie's homework)—"I don't see how it's possible for a single person to make so many mistakes."
Mac—"It isn't a single person. My father helped me."

* * * *

Proutt—"Mr. Asbury, I can't take my classes today."
Mr. A.—"Why not?"
Proutt—"I don't feel well."
Mr. A.—"Where don't you feel well?"
Proutt—"In class."

* * * *

Mr. Brush—"What key are you playing in?"
Houston—"Skeleton key."
Mr. Brush—"What do you mean?"
Houston—"It fits anything."

* * * *

Mr. Andrews—"Repeat what I say."
Unsworth—"What I say."

* * * *

O'field—"Did the Doctor treat you?"
Geary—"No, he charged me."

* * * *

Isbister—"Doc, I've lost a front tooth."
Doctor—"An upper incisor?"
Izzie—"Naw, a right hook to the beezers."

* * * *

Bell—"What's the matter with Claxton?"
Hayne—"He got wry neck from eating rye bread."

* * * *

Cassin—"Gotta chew?"
Hicks—"Naw, I do it of my own accord."

* * * *

Healy—"How is my dog different from Mars?"
Mundy—"Well, how?"
Basil—"We know my dog is inhabited."

* * * *

Dunc—"I hear you made the rugby team."
Willard—"Well, yes, but the other chaps helped a lot."

FAVOURITE PHRASES IN THE TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT.

Miss Howden—"Who put this burden on me?"

Mr. Loft—"This is the acid test, boys."

Mr. Payne—"Memorize the last ten verses for next day."

Mr. Fielding—"Something is going to happen around here someday."

Mr. Treitz—"Were you in assembly this morning?"

Mr. Coles—"Coughing is reserved for old men."

Mr. Asker—"Mark these drawings."

Mr. Dobbins—"Take your bench."

Mr. Pringle—"Take it up to the drafting room."

* * * *

Miss Cruickshank—"What did you say?"

Margaret Timpson—"Nothing."

Miss C—"Of course, but how did you express it this time?"

* * * *

Miss Harris (in 1st Form)—"Simpson, what is a standing army?"

Douglas—"One without horses."

* * * *

CANZONNETTA FOR FIFE AND DRUM

"Oh, I am a gay caballero:

I come from Rio Janeiro,

I've got curly hair, and full of hot air,

And that's why they call me "Cud" "Abdo".

* * * *

Mr. Dent (in Chemistry class)—"Now, this tungsten steel. It can get hot without losing its temper."

* * * *

Heller—"Bell's a regular old war-horse."

Husser—"What do you mean, always in the fight?"

Heller—"No, he charges everything."

* * * *

Janes (pointing out knotholes in a piece of wood)—"What are those?"

Mr. Dobbins—"Those are knotholes."

Janes—"Oh, you can't fool me, I know they're some kind of holes."

* * * *

MacLellan—"What's the matter, Buck? Have you been sick?"

Arnold (looking peaked and worn out)—"No, it's work that's doing the harm—work after school, from four to eight."

Mac—"That's too bad. How long have you been at it now?"

Arnold (gloomily)—"I begin Monday."

* * * *

COURAGE, FIFTH FORM!

It just became known that the great physicist, Albert Einstein, failed in mathematics when he went to High School.

* * * *

McLeod—"How much are eggs today?"

Grocer—"The best are 45 cents a dozen, and cracked ones are 40 cents."

McLeod—"Crack me up a dozen."

Margaret B.—“What have you there?”

Ken DeGurse—“Some insect powder.”

Marg.—“You aren’t going to commit suicide, are you?”

* * * *

Mr. Treitz—“What is the most outstanding contribution chemistry has given to the world?”

Buxton—“Blondes.”

* * * *

Mr. Treitz—“Is the lower jaw a lever of the third class, Haugh?”

—No answer.

Mr. Treitz—“Show daddy your teeth.”

* * * *

She was only a miner’s daughter, but Oh! what natural resources.

* * * *

Now we know why St. Thomas beat our rugby team. They had five Scotchmen in their line who wouldn’t give.

* * * *

It was a lonely road. He stood before her, trembling with angry passion.

“Is there nothing I can do or say, that will move you?” he said between clenched teeth.

He glared at her, so silent, so lovely, so hard. She was beautiful—slender, with a catlike grace, and that air of simplicity that makes men lose their heads and get into debt.

He paced up and down before her in the gathering dusk, a wild light in his eye. Suddenly he whirled and seized her roughly—she did not even shudder.

“Confound you!” he cried in desperation, “I’m done—through—finished. I’ll telephone a garage and have you towed in.”

* * * *

Isabel English—“I suppose you play on the rugby team?”

Houston—“Yes, I do the aerial work.”

Isabel—“Whatever do you mean?”

John—“Oh, I blow up the footballs.”

* * * *

Imagine their embarrassment when Mr. Asker found Smith and Proutt trying to drown Baker in the drafting-room sink.

* * * *

Mr. Williamson—“Now, Ken, I think you’re teaching that parrot to swear.”

Ken—“No, I’m just telling him what it mustn’t say.”

* * * *

Mr. Ensor—“How many natural magnets are there?”

McNeil—“Two.”

Mr. Ensor—“Name them.”

Alec—“Blondes and Brunettes.”

* * * *

Mr. Gray (describing his experiences in Africa)—“It was in the dead of night; outside was a mad elephant. I crept out and shot it in my pajamas!”

Hillier—“But, Mr. Gray, how did the beast get into your pajamas?”

Mr. Stewart—"Jack, my boy, I hear you've been smoking. How about it?"

Jack—"Er—ah, yes, dad."

Mr. Stewart—"Well, would you mind smoking El Fumos and giving me the Coupons?"

* * * *

ANCIENT HISTORY NOTE

Horridus Vulgarius Nutio

Everywhere accredited with the invention of the first asbestos cigar in 432 B.C., he was, however, unable to secure a patent on his contraption, as it was not thought to be in accordance with the religious beliefs of the Athenians. Horridus was not discouraged, and perfected a series of electrical devices which he sold, the following year 431 B.C. to Creosus, sometimes known as Creosote, the owner of Athen's one and only steam laundry. It came to pass that Horridus' ability was recognized, and he was rewarded by being given the leather medal of the Order of the Brazen Fleece. Until the year of his death, on Christmas Day, 426 B.C., he was recognized as an annual visitor to the patent office in Athens.

* * * *

Andrews—"D' you know why they used the king's arm for a measure in the good old days?"

Weston—"Why?"

Andy—"Because he was the ruler."

* * * *

Mabel—"Hey, somebody! I want a rubber."

Dell—"Use your neck, old thing."

* * * *

Pat—"Where's Anna to-night, Dot?"

Dorothy—"Oh, she's in the office, I guess."

Pat—"What! again?"

Dorothy—"No, still!"

* * * *

They call him Luke because he's not so hot.

* * * *

George Albinson stood gazing longingly at the display in Dowler's window. McLeod stopped to inquire if he thought of buying the red suit in the window. "Gosh, no!" replied George, wistfully, "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

* * * *

Ramsay—"You made a bad break in calling that lady an old hen."

Arnold—"Why?"

Bob—"She must be somebody of consequence. I see she has been invited to lay a cornerstone."

* * * *

Norwood—"Would you fire at a deer with a broken leg?"

Hart—"No, I'd use a gun."

* * * *

Student Boarder—"There's a hair in my apple pie."

Landlady—"That's funny; the grocer told me distinctly they were Baldwins."

* * * *

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Anderson, "before I begin my address, I have something I want to say to you."

TRY THESE ON YOUR DISH PAN

- "Bigger and Better than Ever"—George Albinson.
 "In a Kitchenette"—Miss Robertson.
 "Chant of the Jungle"—2C in Geometry Class.
 "My Fate is in Your Hands"—The Examiners.
 "Little by Little"—Jean Murphy.
 "Turn on the Heat"—Engineer Coulter.
 "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine"—Marian McKim.
 "You're Always in My Arms"—The Wrestling Champions.
 "Pickin' Petals off o' Daisies"—Form 5 Botany Class.
 "After the Ball is Over"—The Rugby Team.
 "Happy Days are Here Again"—The Holidays.
 "Piccolo Pete"—Harry Turnbull.
 "Everybody's Doing it now"—Homework.
 "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling"—Homer Lockhart.
 "Charming"—Dorothy Hackney.
 "He's So Unusual"—Keith Andrews.
 "Just You, Just Me"—Mr. Payne and—
 "The Prisoner's Song"—Paul James.
 "Tin Pan Parade"—The Cadets.
 "Asleep in The Deep"—Claude Cook.
 "Pretty Little You"—Anne Albinson.
 "Hello Baby"—Harry Haines.
 "I'm Following You"—The Snake-walk.
 "Miss Wonderful"—Marj. Patterson.
 "I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All?"—Bob Ramsay and Fifth in Algebra.
 "Lady Luck"—Evelyn McAdams.
 "Big City Blues"—Walt Claxton in Watford.
 "Blondy"—Eileen Lamb.
 "Little Pal"—Irene Frame.
 "Ain't Misbehavin'"—"Sticky" Austin.
 "Navy Blues"—"Rusty" Burton.
 "Love Me or Leave Me"—The School.
 "Why?"—Andrew Hayne.
 "Satisfied"—The Humour Editor.

* * * *

As Brigham Young said: "Give us this day our daily bride".

* * * *

Moore (in St. Thomas)—"Is this a first class restaurant?"
 Head Waiter—"Yes, but if you sit over in that dark corner we'll serve you."

* * * *

Fraser (in shop)—"Give me a nickels worth of sorts."
 Ramsay—"Sorry, I'm out of sorts today."

* * * *

Nola B.—"Peanuts are fattening."
 Clara B.—"How do you know?"
 Nola—"Just look at an elephant."

We hear that in early youth Mr. Payne was cast upon a cannibal isle and every day the natives stuck him and took a drink of his blood. Finally he said to the chief, "I don't mind if the boys kill me, but I hate being continually stuck for the drinks."

* * * *

To the victor belongs the "goils".

* * * *

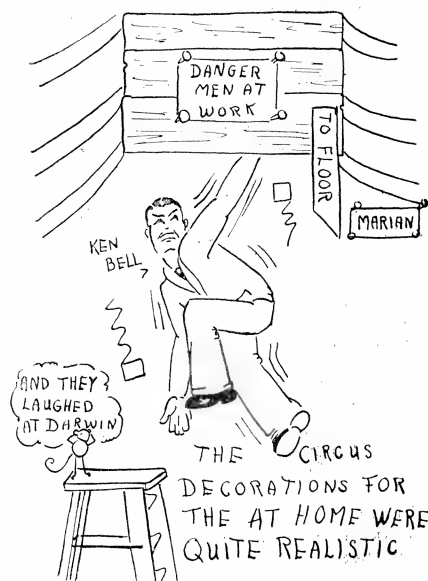
Only the brave desert the fair.

* * * *

Shocked old lady—"And on the way up here we passed about twenty-five people in parked cars."

D. Hackney—"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken. It must have been an even number."

* * * *



* * * *

Mollitar—"This pea soup is full of sugar."

Haines—"They probably made it out of sweet peas."

* * * *

A new baby had arrived at Billy's house and a friend was asking him about it.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" asked the friend.

"Aw, I guess it's a girl," said Billy, "I saw them putting powder on it."

* * * *

Violet Ross—"What do you know about making love?"

Backman—"It's as easy as apple pie. Some crust and a lot of apple-sauce."

* * * *

Miss Scott (after explaining parts of the horse)—"Now, Beth, from which side do you mount the horse?"

Beth Wellington—"On the side next the fence, usually."

4 B

Proud are the mothers of the lads,
Who spend four years in 4B class;
They sit all day in a dormant state,
Great minds thinking at terrific rate.

Class honours are the very least,
That worry little Abby East.
Elwood comes in very late,
Then after four he has to wait.

Cook is sober and does not speak.
In literature he's rather weak.
Smith never bothers what goes on,
But chews his gum both pro and con.

Blay wishes he had a bigger seat,
His legs get cramped and go to sleep.
When Ross Tuck gets down to think,
His questions would drive a teacher to drink.

Claxton and Lang are very zealous;
On the bars and the horse they make us jealous.
Jimmy Harris is smart and sleek;
He comes to school four days a week.

Harold Backman is the form clown,
On the mats one night he cracked his crown.
Jimmy Garrett's an athlete too,
And in the gym what he can do!

Doug Isbister is quite a fellow,
Some say he's related to Longfellow;
In his stocking feet, six foot two,
He wears a number eleven shoe.

Albinson, 4B's healthy boy and strong,
Is quite as broad as Isbister's long;
But when it comes to pep and action,
Turnbull and Tennyson give every fraction.

Anne Albinson could never see
What good this algebra's going to be.
Who are these girls working so?
Miss Crone and Miss Butler, we ought to know.

Dorothy Brown is quite a flapper,
And with her gossip creates much laughter.
Crystal Oldham's the form's delight,
In class her answers are always right. (?)

Eileen Brown (one of the many Browns)
When asked a question only frowns.
Doris Rainsberry is a red-headed lass,
She's always the terror of the class.

Violet Ross, though we know not why
Has a very wild look in her star-board eye.
Marjory Hackney comes not least but last
At working problems she's very fast.

* * * *

Margaret Cobban—"Miss Walker, what is sedge?"

Miss W.—"Now you ought to know that. It's the grassy sort of weeds that
you find on the edge of the river. You know, those horse tails."
(Class laughs hilariously)

Miss W. (confused)—"Oh, I mean cat-tails."

A RAMBLE WITH 3A

Mr. "Stanley" who was the "Best "Carter" in Kensington, drove his "Clyde" "Hossie" named "Brydon" up to "Elliot's" hostelry where he instructed "Anderson", the ostler to feed it "Hayes".

Thereupon, Mr. "Stanley", hearing the clock in "Doohan's" dome strike five, hurried away home and, after changing his clothes, set out for his sweetie's home. As time was fleeing he hurried down the "MacAdam" road, which runs past the "Mills" to the banks of the "Thompson", whistling "Annie Laurie" as he went, and in another minute he had reached his destination. He "Wagged the Horne" at the portal and waited for an answer. Hurriedly she came and flung the "Gates" wide for her lover.

Then as the eve was drawing on he and she walked down the "Gravelle" walk together, arm in arm, observing the little "Finch" which sang to them and a pet "Lamb" frisking on the plains beneath, while afar off a "Hargrove" (new kind of maple grove) stood, silhouetted against the Western sky. Truly it was a wondrous sight but they were reminded by a "Livingstone" that it was getting late so they parted.

* * * *

"The Dream of a 2 C Pupil"

He was walking down a meandering stream, watching Caesar and his hostages having difficulty in controlling hundreds of Codling moths from preventing the tail fin of the Crayfish from spreading out and bending upward and over so it might swim swiftly forward, jumping over theorems three and four, as it divided slowly through the spectacles of Mr. Dennis and flew on wings of a grasshopper, gaily decked in decimals. So engrossed was he in this scene, that he did not notice the eroding process that was taking place until he slipped into a box in the theatre beside the Countess B, and recognized his old friends, problems one and two, which somehow would not prove, parsing a pronoun, and quarreling over which had the greatest percentage. At last reduced to despair because of scarcity of grain, he leaped down from his ships into the lime-stone water made by the burrowing of an earthworm and came face to face with Madame Defarge who would have chopped off his head had he not been seized by a French verb. He was dug out of an illuvial plain by Jerry Cruncher who screamed in his ear and melted from sight.

Marian Leach.

* * * *

Mr. Dent—"Really, I don't know much about the chemistry of iron, although I've talked with quite a few iron men—"

* * * *

Mr. Gray (to Tuck, who is chewing gum and has his feet out in the aisle)—
"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

* * * *

Stella—"Gee! these goloshes give me a pain in the neck."

Marian—"You shouldn't wear them on your neck."

* * * *

Kilbreath—"Do you think Dorothy is good looking?"

McLeod—"Well, I haven't much of a face, but I'd put mine against hers anytime."

* * * *

Mrs. Urquhart (in Detroit)—"See Mary, there's a skyscraper."

Mary—"Oh, I want to see it work."

We Fifth Formers think we're quite clever,
 We're attentive in class. When? Never!
 Although there are some
 Who really aren't dumb,
 From their studies no one can sever.

We have a long fellow called Hayne,
 He must have grown up in the rain,
 For rain makes things grow,
 —Andy's six foot or so—
 He's chief of this mag. too, is Hayne.

And of course there is Kenneth Bell.
 And some things about him we will tell.
 He's King of the Lit.
 He plays rugby a bit.
 And at talking he does very well.

We've Nichol, Andrews, and Murray.
 There's not one of them that will hurry.
 Nicol writes jokes,
 Murray gives pokes,
 But Andrews does Maths. with a flurry.

Now Ferguson writes all the scandal,
 And that is a big job to handle.
 Doug Ritchie gets sore
 And makes for the door,
 When pushed; but that too is scandal.

And as for the girls we shall name,
 No two of them are quite the same.
 Patsy likes plays.
 For Greek, Mary craves,
 And Pat. Palmer is good in a game.

There's Gertrude who used to come late.
 But the teachers never would wait.
 But since she is clever
 Does she work? Oh never!
 But a scholarship will soon be her mate.

There's Mary who's sometimes away.
 Mr. Andrews looks for her each day
 To see if she's there;
 I don't think it's fair
 Because she does Maths. without pay.

There's Helen who comes half a day,
 She was given a part in the play.
 And Jean likes to chatter
 But that doesn't matter,
 And Dorothy's usually gay.

And now I think I am through,
 Though there are more I could do.
 I hope you won't mind
 Whatever you find
 In these limericks I've written on you.

* * * *

Mr. Graham—"Pupil making that noise, stand."

Hewitt stands—

Mr. Graham—"Well, what's your reason?"

Hewitt—"I haven't any reason."

Mr. Graham—"I thought so."

* * * *

The first woman to die an unspeakable death passed away the other day. She died of lockjaw.

Barrett—"What-ho, Abie, didst hear about the Scottish lad who invited one of the Siamese twins out to lunch, if she could get away?"
McKean—"No, what about him?"

* * * *

Jack Spratt is very fat,
His wife is not so lean;
And so, between the two of them
They overflowed their limousine.

* * * *

The Queen—"Ma gracias, the baby has the stomach-ache."
Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—"Page, call the secretary of the Interior."

* * * *

In writing classes Mr. Graham still has difficulty in teaching the girls to make i's.

* * * *

Ye Editor—"Is your real name Hogg?"
Contributor—"What did you think it was, my pen name?"

* * * *

Inspector with cockney accent (in French class)—"And what's the word for 'to live'?"

Stella White—"Vivre."

Inspector—"—and the word for 'to die'?"

Stella—"That's easy, 'aujourd'hui'."

* * * *

Harris—"Keeping away from cigarettes?"
Proutt—"Well, just inhaling distance."

* * * *

Miss Burriss—"I passed by your house yesterday."
Jean—"Thanks awfully."

* * * *

Mr. Andrews has discovered and passed on to Fifth form the fact that a pound of water weighs $62\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Will wonders never cease?

* * * *

Mr. Brush (just before the orchestra is having the picture taken)—"Milner, I'm afraid you forgot to brush your hair."

Milner—"Oh, I didn't have time to comb it."

Tuck—"I don't think your hair is in the right place, either, Mr. Brush."

* * * *

Walsh (to freshie sitting reading on the outside steps, on a very cold day)—
"Hullo, feller; why don't you do your reading indoors?"
Frosh—"Miss Gordon said I was to do ten hours' outside reading each month."

* * * *

Mr. Mendizabal—"I remember a man in Toronto who tried this flip and killed himself. Try it, Turnbull."

* * * *

Relics of Barbarism

Hayne (making an appeal for Magazine contributions from the Assembly platform)—"Hand them in to myself or the department heads posted on the Bulletin."

* * * *

A pen may be driven but a pencil goes best when it is lead.

If, in Upper School Geometry, little "X" is a running co-ordinate, what is little Andy?

* * * *

Eileen Lamb (translating Caesar)—"The army approached the Roman camp."
Miss Dalziel—"Tense!"

Eileen—"Oh, yes—the army approached the Roman tents."

* * * *

Miss Burriss—"Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home, and call the cattle home, and call the cattle home. O Mary, go and call the cattle home, across the sands of Dee. Now, class, what impression does that passage give you?"
Vera Wright (innocently)—"Repetition."

* * * *

John Houston (in the French play, excitedly)—"Vite, du sel, d'eau du—vin du vinaigre—!"

Voice from the audience—"Do something."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Name the Channel Islands."

Keith—"Jersey, Holstein—"

—O—

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh—
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you find an ancient joke,
Dubbed in some modern guise;
Don't frown and give the thing a poke,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

—O—



Autograph Page

Autograph Page

*“Should Auld Acquaintance
Be Forgot”*

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V. Heffron—"Do you think it's worth it?"

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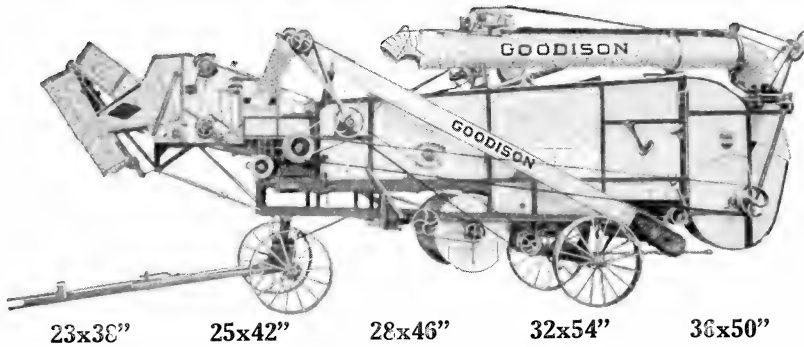
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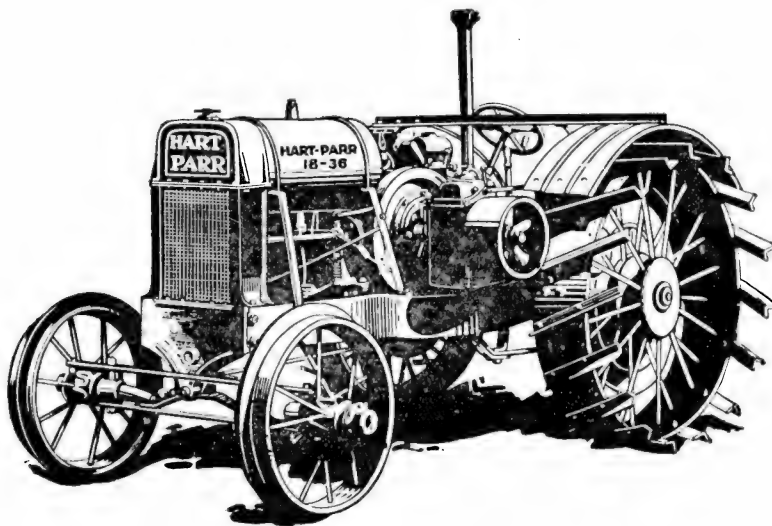
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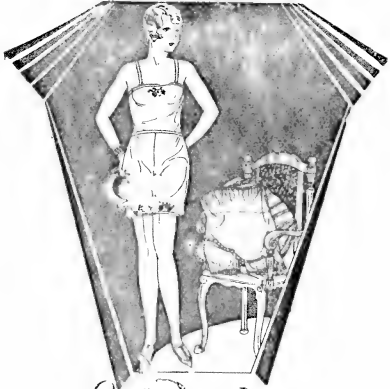
Pat Palmer (looking at the name of the author of "Waterloo")—"I wonder if that man was killed in the Battle of Waterloo?"

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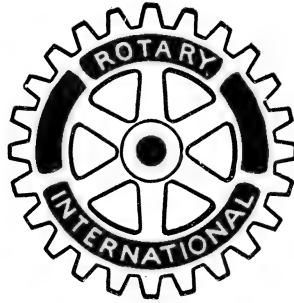
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Brydon (in the lab.)—"Oh, Mr. Dent, there's something running across the floor without any legs!"
Mr. Dent—"What is it?"
Brydon—"Water, Mr. Dent."

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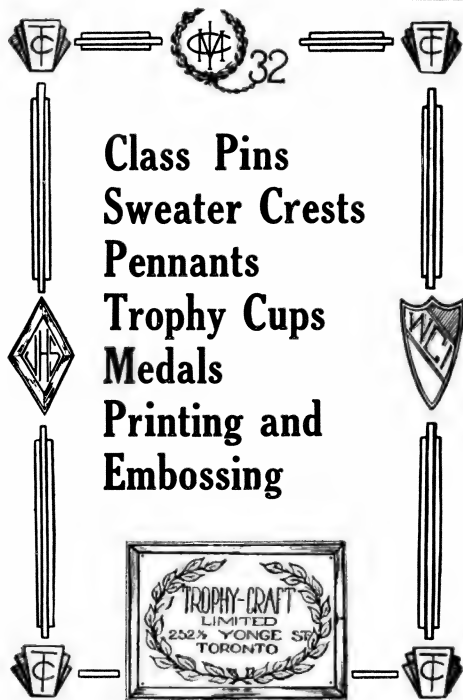
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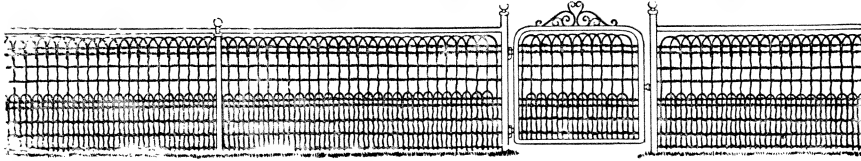
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